

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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NOVEMBER



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the Fifth of November
Gunpowder Treason
and plot.

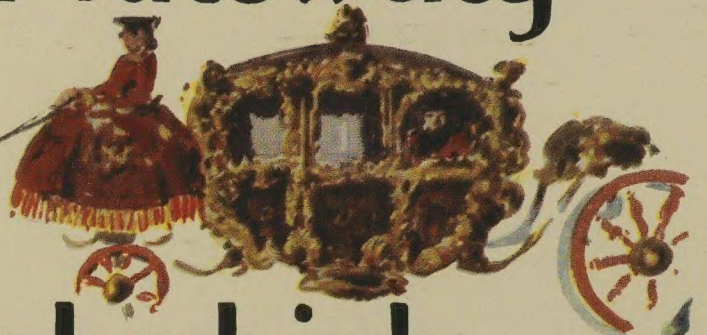
At Manchester both
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labour under a
handicap neither knowing
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Three cheers
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will

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it all adds up to

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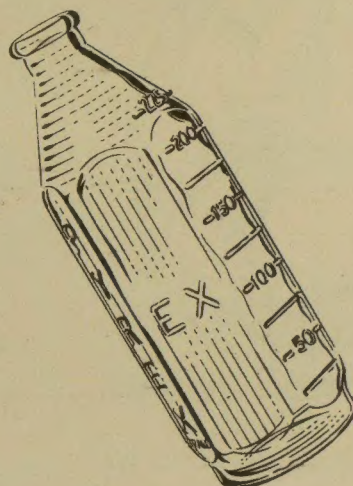
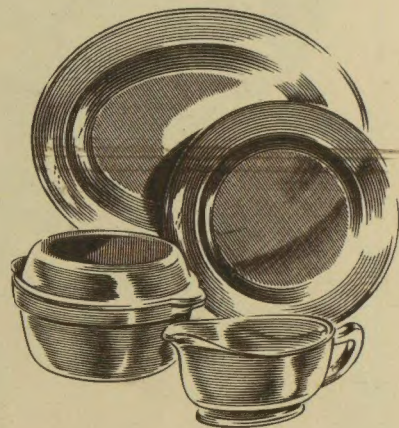


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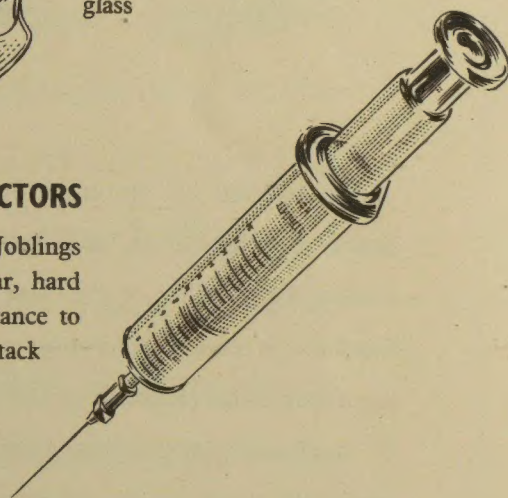


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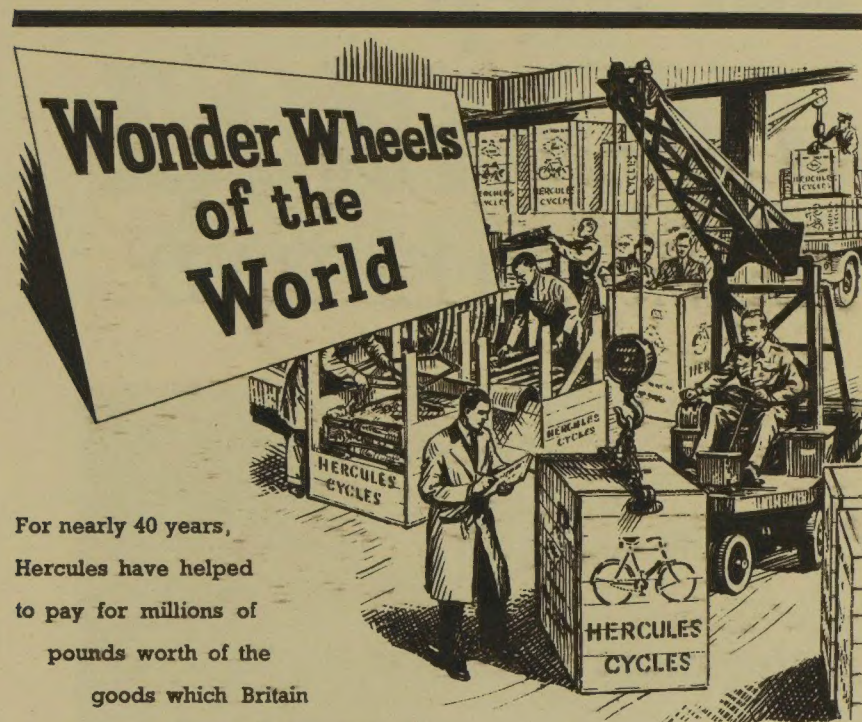
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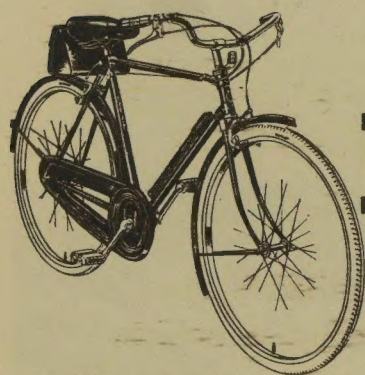
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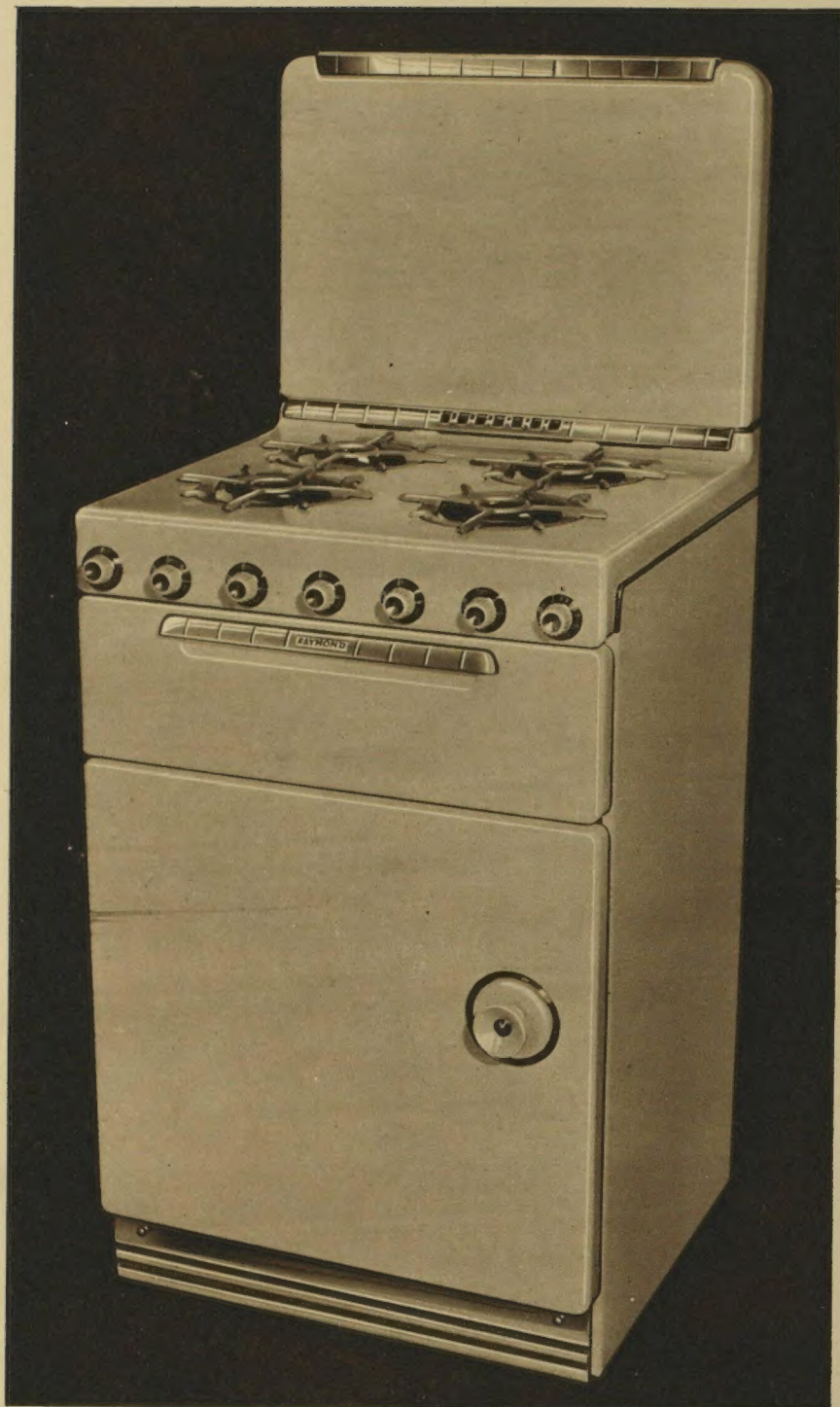
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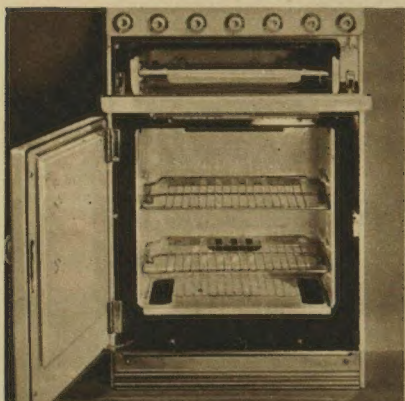
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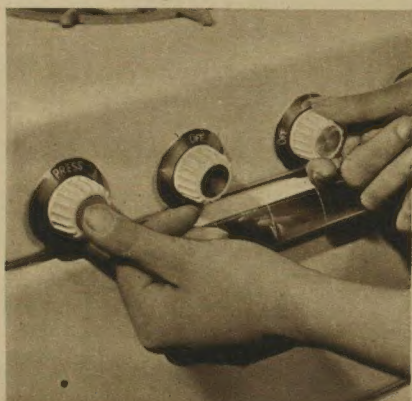
Its *larger* hotplate with interchangeable parts is finished in stainless, glass-smooth vitreous enamel, and all metal parts are stainless and rustproof.



Its *larger* grill is enclosed. The grill chamber is readily removable; it has rounded corners and is finished in vitreous enamel; cleaning is so easy.



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Smooth-turning taps give close control of cooking flames. There is thermostatic control of oven heat. Indeed, the Raymond is the very best in every way!

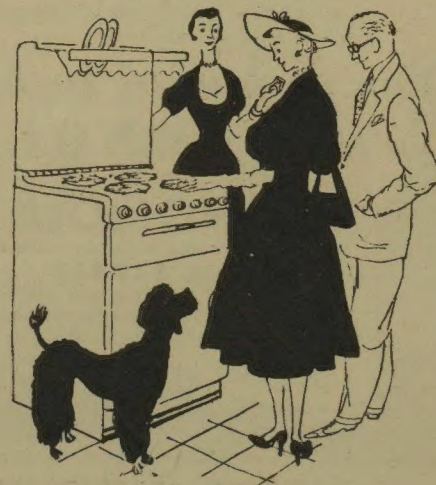
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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1952.



THE FUNERAL OF SENIOR CHIEF WARUHIU: KIKUYU BEARERS CARRYING THE COFFIN, DRAPED WITH THE UNION FLAG, TO ITS LAST RESTING-PLACE.



AT THE FUNERAL OF SENIOR CHIEF WARUHIU: SIR EVELYN BARING (CENTRE), THE NEW GOVERNOR OF KENYA, WITH OTHER OFFICIALS.

A VICTIM OF HIS OWN PEOPLE: THE FUNERAL OF THE MURDERED CHIEF WARUHIU—A GREAT CITIZEN OF KENYA.

On October 7 Senior Chief Waruhiu, who had recently denounced the Mau Mau terrorists at a mass meeting of the Kikuyu at Kiambu, was held up while travelling in a car on a main road seven miles from Nairobi by Africans in another car. The Chief was shot dead, but his driver and another passenger escaped. On October 15 three Kikuyus, including a son of the former Senior Chief Koinange, were charged before a special magistrates' court with the murder, and Chief Koinange, another of his sons and a son-in-law were charged

with being accessories after the fact. Chief Waruhiu had served the Kenya Government for over thirty years, and received the M.B.E. in the New Year Honours last year. On October 9 the funeral of the murdered Chief took place on his farm overlooking the Kiambu Reserve, and it was attended by Sir Evelyn Baring, the new Governor of Kenya, leaders of the European and Asiatic communities, and by thousands of Africans. The Benediction was given by the Rev. David Steel, Minister of St. Andrew's Church of Scotland in Nairobi.

MAU MAU TERRORISM IN KENYA, SOME ARRESTS AND A MURDERED CHIEF.



SOME OF THE 2000 SUSPECTS WHO WERE ROUNDED UP AFTER THE DECLARATION OF A STATE OF EMERGENCY AWAITING EXAMINATION BEHIND BARBED WIRE IN NAIROBI.



AFRICANS SUSPECTED OF CONNECTIONS WITH MAU MAU BEING TAKEN AWAY IN A LORRY "CAGE" FOR POLICE EXAMINATION, DURING THE BIG ROUND-UP IN NAIROBI.



SENIOR CHIEF NDERI.

A brave and resolute opponent of Mau Mau, he was cut to pieces, with two native policemen, on October 22, when attempting to break up a Mau Mau gathering of about 500 people at Nyeri. Of the three senior chiefs, Waruhiu was murdered on October 7, Nderi on October 22, and, at the date of writing, only Njiru survived.



JOMO KENYATTA (RIGHT) WITH THE INDIAN LAWYER, MISS KANTA KAPILA. Jomo Kenyatta, the leader of the Kenya African Union, an organisation which seeks by constitutional means the ends the Mau Mau terrorist seeks by violence, has in the past denounced the Mau Mau. He has been suspected of complicity, however, and was arrested on October 20. He spent many years in England, is believed to have visited Moscow, and married an Englishwoman from whom he is separated. He has a very great following among the Kikuyus in Kenya.



JESSE KARIUKI.

Jesse Kariuki, the trustee and organiser of the Kenya African Union and a friend and associate of Jomo Kenyatta, was ruled in the High Court on September 23 to be a "leading member" of the terrorist Mau Mau society, and was imprisoned pending the Governor's decision as to his fate. He has sworn that he is opposed to Mau Mau.



A NAVAL PARTY FROM THE CRUISER H.M.S. KENYA MARCHING THROUGH THE STREETS OF MOMBASA. THE CRUISER ARRIVED THE DAY AFTER THE PROCLAMATION OF A STATE OF EMERGENCY IN THE COLONY AND TOOK PART IN THE GENERAL SHOW OF STRENGTH.

The chief events in the development of Mau Mau terrorism and the measures to meet it since the murder of Senior Chief Waruhiu (photographs of whose funeral appear on our front page) have been as follows. On Oct. 15, three Kikuyus—John Moui Koinange (son of ex-Senior Chief Koinange), Waweru (son of Kaniundia) and Gathungu (son of Migwe) were charged with the murder of Chief Waruhiu; and ex-Chief Koinange (aged eighty-one), his son Karuga Koinange and his son-in-law Bernard Gatui were charged as accessories. With the continuing deterioration of the situation, on October 20 a state of emergency was declared. The two battalions of the King's African Rifles, already in Kenya, were reinforced with

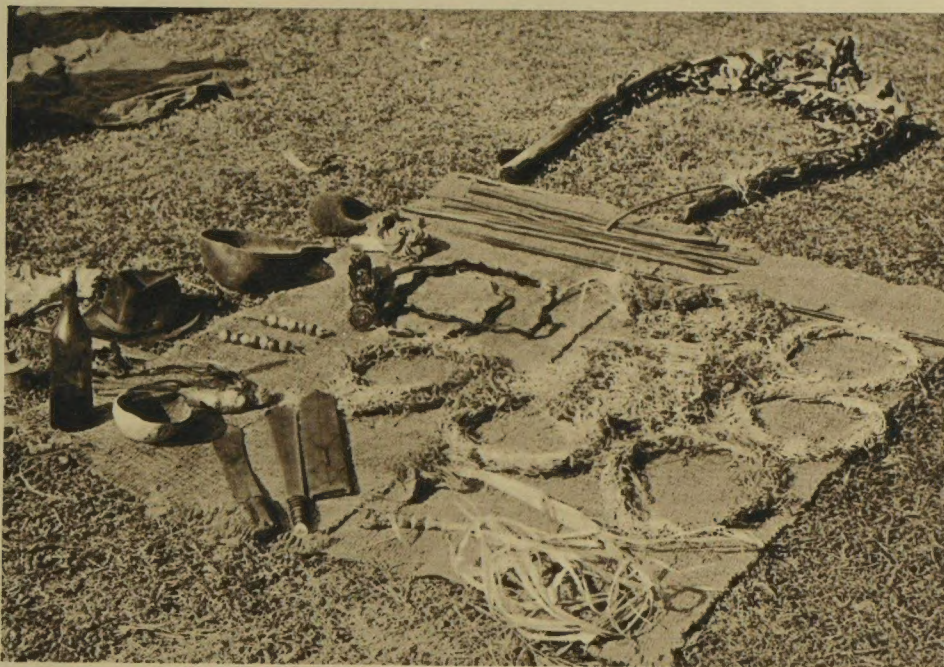


A GROUP OF CHAINED SUSPECTS ROUNDED UP IN NAIROBI ON OCTOBER 21. ONLY THOSE STRONGLY SUSPECTED OF CLOSE CONNECTIONS WITH THE MAU MAU SOCIETY WERE CHAINED.

a battalion from Tanganyika and two companies from Uganda. Men of the 1st Battalion, The Lancashire Fusiliers were flown into the colony in R.A.F. Valetta transports, the Kenya Regiment (a European Territorial unit) was called out, and the newly-formed Home Guard were patrolling the streets, while an armed naval party from H.M.S. Kenya paraded through the streets of Mombasa. A large number of arrests were made, including Jomo Kenyatta, the leader of the African Union; but on October 22, as stated above, another Senior Chief, Nderi, was murdered while interrupting a large Mau Mau gathering at Nyeri. Later many Kikuyu were known to be gathering in the Aberdare Mountains.



A GRIM THREAT FOUND IN THE KIAMBU DISTRICT: A STRANGLED CAT, HANGED FROM A MAU MAU ARCH, WITH AN ADDED MESSAGE IN BLOOD THAT ANY CONTINUING TO WORK FOR THE WHITES WOULD BE "DESTROYED BY THIS OATH."



THE INSIGNIA OF A MAU MAU OATH-TAKING IN THE KIAMBU AREA WHICH WAS INTERRUPTED BY A POLICE RAID. THE ARCH (RIGHT) IS THE FOCAL POINT OF THE CEREMONY.



FRAGMENTS OF RED EARTH IN A HALVED CALABASH. THE EATING OF KIKUYU EARTH IS APPARENTLY ONE OF THE ESSENTIAL FEATURES OF A MAU MAU OATH-TAKING CEREMONY.



THE HOLLOWED-OUT TRUNK OF A BANANA STEM, WITH THE SEVEN SPINES OF "THE UNIVERSE" (RIGHT), FROM WHICH THE GOAT'S-BLOOD MIXTURE IS DRUNK BY THE INITIATE WHEN TAKING THE OATH.



A KENYA POLICE INSPECTOR, AFTER A RAID IN THE KIAMBU AREA, QUESTIONING KIKUYU BOYS AND GIRLS IN AN ATTEMPT TO SECURE INFORMATION ABOUT THE INTERRUPTED OATH-TAKING CEREMONY. ALL WERE TOO FRIGHTENED EVEN TO SPEAK TO THE POLICE OFFICER.



IRONICALLY ENOUGH, STAMPED "MADE IN ENGLAND"—A PAYGA OR WOOD-CHOPPING KNIFE, OF THE KIND WHICH HAS BECOME THE TYPICAL MAU MAU WEAPON. CAPTURED AT AN INTERRUPTED OATH-TAKING.

The Kiambu and Fort Hall areas of Kenya seem to have been the earliest and strongest centres of the Mau Mau secret society; and the photographs on this page were taken in the Kiambu area after a police raid led by Inspector K. A. Price, which arrived at the scene of an oath-taking only a few minutes too late to catch the participants in the act. The central factor of the Mau Mau is the oath, which is administered inside a hut. A sapling is bent in an arch about 3 ft. high. At its base are various objects, including arrowroot plant, and the

eyeballs, stomach, neck vertebrae and part of the breast flesh of a goat; and a hollowed-out banana stem containing a mixture of Kikuyu soil, goat's blood, human blood, cow's milk and ground-up millet, sorghum and arrowroot. The oath, like many of the parts of the ceremony, is sevenfold, the last oath being: "When I hear that reed-buck horn has sounded, if I fail to kill the European for whom I may be working, may I be eaten by this oath." The reed-buck horn is believed to symbolise the arrest of the Mau Mau leaders.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

CONSERVATIVES usually seem more reluctant than members of other political Parties to criticise their leaders. Loyalty, on the whole, is a Conservative virtue, and one does not expect to see them do so. But there are some things, though not many, even more important than loyalty, and, as the greatest of all English Conservatives, Benjamin Disraeli, reminded a Conservative leader just over a century ago, fidelity to principle is one of them. Much as I admire loyalty, I could not help a certain feeling of pleasure the other day when a Conservative back-bencher got up and, taking his political career in his hands, rated his leaders from the back benches for their failure to support the most historic of all their Party's principles. Strangely enough his name was Baldwin: strangely because thirty years ago another Conservative back-bencher named Baldwin attacked the leadership of his Party for a failure in Conservative principles and, in doing so, made his name for the next generation a household word throughout Britain. Perhaps it may become a household word again.

For I like what this other Mr. Baldwin said. "It is the duty of the Government," he declared, "to make clear that the day of cheap food has gone, never to return. . . . We cannot grow more food at home without dynamic action by the Government. The steps the Minister of Agriculture is taking to increase home food production are completely ineffective, and his target is not high enough. If we set about the job with dynamic action we could increase home production by £250,000,000, which would be a worthwhile contribution towards closing the trade-gap. Farming subsidies will be no more successful under this Government than under the last. . . . Let us get away from the idea that the farm-worker should always be on the lowest wage-scale. Pay him a better wage and keep him on the job. . . . Don't treat farming differently from other industries. We don't want cheap money. We want to be able to keep some of the money we make to plough back into the land. I ask for reduced taxation and a greater use of land still lying idle."

I quote from a newspaper report and not from Hansard, so I may not have given the speaker's words accurately. And I may well, as it was only a short and incomplete report, have omitted the most important part of it. Yet its purport was clear enough. The critic, a practising farmer, was saying what every thoughtful farmer knows and feels. The price being paid by the urban population for its daily bread does not, at present prices, equate to the cost involved in raising that food. It is bridged by the artificial device of food subsidies, which alone prevent the State-fixed prices being paid in the shops for milk, eggs, bread and meat from driving the farmer out of business and so drying up the supply of home-produced food altogether. The subsidies, and other artificial financial stimulants, like ploughing-up grants, calf-rearing and artificial-manure subsidies, have the further and unfortunate and unjust effect of causing the farmer to be thought of as being "feather-bedded." And the farm labourer, smallholder and small farmer, who is probably working harder to-day than any other class in the community, with a higher degree of versatility and skill, and under harder conditions, is paid at a rate which would cause an instantaneous and nation-wide strike in any other skilled industry. I usually put on my light and work for an hour or two in the small hours of the morning. Whenever I do so, I see the lights in my own and my neighbours' cowsheds and know that devoted men are working

there, as they do every morning, year in and year out, to bring food to the townsman's breakfast-table. At night, long after the average town worker has gone home, I see the same lights burning in dairy and barn. No professional worker, except perhaps a doctor, has so many, unceasing and unpredictable calls on his time as the farm-worker. What he is paid for his services is a scandal. And it is a national scandal; for it is not generally his employer's fault that he is badly paid. Anyone with a small farm who pays his workers more than the statutory minimum wage—and many do—knows what it involves.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in his Budget earlier in the year, had the courage to reduce the national expenditure on food subsidies. But the great bulk of the subsidies, concealing an urgent reality from the electorate, survives. It is not easy, for a politician dependent on votes, to tackle this great fiscal evil: the most fatal in our history since the equally well-meant and equally disastrous experiment of subsidising wages out of rates taken by the Speenhamland magistrates in 1795, and imitated by their fellow-magistrates throughout the country. Its effect, at a time when the fullest and wisest use of national resources is vital to our continued existence, is to deflect

effort from the production of food to the production of popular luxuries. The football-pool promoter, the television-set manufacturer, the dog-track proprietor are among the beneficiaries of the deflected expenditure which would otherwise have gone to recoup the farmer for more intensive cultivation and greater production from his land. In most forms of farming it does not pay to-day to produce as much per acre as the land is capable of producing. By and large, farming only pays by a most careful limitation of one's labour costs in relation to the amount of land one farms. The more land one can farm with the smaller amount of hired labour, the larger one's profit and, potentially speaking, the poorer in food the nation. This is a generalisation, and like all generalisations, is an exaggeration and only partially true. But it is more true than not true. Having only a small farm, and having had to create it out of land left derelict by wartime military occupation, I have concentrated during the past few years on raising as

THE ROYAL VISIT TO SHREWSBURY.



"THREE CHEERS FOR THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE" LED BY THE HEADMASTER: HER MAJESTY AND HER CONSORT VOCIFEROUSLY WELCOMED BY THE BOYS OF SHREWSBURY SCHOOL.

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh had a tremendous welcome at Shrewsbury School, which they visited on October 24 in connection with the fourth-centenary celebrations. The School Charter, signed by King Edward VI, and dated February 10, 1552, was on view in the Library, and her Majesty accepted from Mr. Peterson, the Headmaster, a copy of the comparative study of the Shrewsbury Bindings by the Librarian, and a copy of the masque given in the celebration week in June last. On another page we illustrate the opening by the Queen of the terrace built along the school buildings to mark this notable year in the school history; and on this we show the scene when the Royal party stood on the terrace which gives a view to the Severn and across Quarry Park to the town, and were cheered and cheered again by hundreds of young voices led by the Headmaster. During her visit, the Queen and the Duke met Sir Offley Wakeman, the chairman, and other governors and former headmasters, inspected a guard of honour of the Combined Cadet Force, and watched a display of physical training by the entire school. They lunched in the School House and attended a service in the chapel before leaving to return to London. It will be remembered that on March 8 we gave four pages of drawings by Stephen Bone illustrating life at Shrewsbury School.

much food from it as it was capable of producing without losing soil fertility, and as I could afford to finance. The result has been a much greater relative contribution towards the reduction of our dependence on foreign currency than one could normally look for from such a small acreage. Yet it is seldom to a farmer's financial advantage to farm in this way to-day. In the present state of our national trade and finances, I maintain that it ought to be. If the public paid for its food what its food costs to produce, and what its food is really worth to it, farming our soil intensively would pay. We could almost certainly increase our national production of food by 50 per cent. I believe, if we really tried, we could double it. If anyone doubts it, let him read Mr. Henderson's great book, "The Farming Ladder," and calculate what he has achieved in this way. Indeed, if our entire farming community consisted of Hendersons, we could do what is necessary even without adjusting our perverted fiscal policy. But that would require a divine miracle; one cannot make Hendersons by Act of Parliament. What is required is an act of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to enable men of ordinary stature to produce what their country needs. I hope that Mr. Archer Baldwin's brave and loyal act of "disloyalty" may make it a little easier for Mr. Butler and his colleagues to give us that act.



HER MAJESTY—A FIGURE OF BEAUTY, YOUTH AND GRACE: THE QUEEN, WEARING BLACK AND WHITE, WITH MAGNIFICENT DIAMONDS, ARRIVING AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE, LEICESTER SQUARE, FOR THE ROYAL FILM PERFORMANCE.

Her Majesty, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh and Princess Margaret, attended the seventh annual Royal Film Performance for the Cinematograph Trade Benevolent Fund on October 27; and saw a programme which included "Because You're Mine," and other items. The Queen, a figure combining majesty, beauty, youth and grace, wore a striking dress, the front in white satin, and the flowing back in black faille, with a white fox fur, and jewels which included long diamond earrings. Princess Margaret was in a full-skirted black tulle dress

with diamond and turquoise jewels. The Royal party, who were greeted with tumultuous applause, were received by Mr. R. C. Bromhead, joint chairman of the Fund. Before the performance, fifty-five notable film personalities—including Mr. Charles Chaplin and his wife—were presented; and the Queen accepted from Kate Fleming, daughter of Colonel Peter Fleming and his wife, Miss Celia Johnson, a bouquet of orchids flown from twenty-five different countries. The performance raised a sum of some £30,000 for the Fund.

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: SOME OF THE PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



DR. W. G. PENNEY.

It was announced on October 23 that Dr. W. G. Penney, O.B.E., who was in charge of the Monte Bello atomic experiment of October 3, had been promoted to be Knight Commander of the Order of the British Empire. Mr. Churchill stated in the House of Commons that Dr. Penney's services had been "of the highest order." He is Chief Superintendent of Armament Research.



LIEUT.-COMMANDER

DENIS T. J. STANLEY.

Very soon after the Monte Bello explosion the two naval officers whose photographs are shown above risked death to fly a helicopter over the spot where the *Plym* disintegrated. Mr. Churchill told the Commons on October 23 that "they undertook the dangerous task of flying over the heavily-contaminated lagoon to take samples of the water so that its radio-activity could be measured." Lieut.-Cmdr. Stanley lives near Andover, and Sen. Cd. Observer Lambert in Angus.



SENIOR COMMISSIONED

OBSERVER H. J. LAMBERT.



THE FORMER

FIELD MARSHAL KESSELRING.

The former Field Marshal Kesselring has been released from prison as an act of clemency. He was serving a twenty-one-year sentence for being concerned in the Ardeatine Caves massacre of 1944. He is sixty-six and in very poor health.



DR. SELMAN A. WAKSMAN.

Awarded this year's Nobel Prize for Medicine for his discovery of streptomycin, the first effective anti-biotic against tuberculosis. Dr. Waksman is Microbiologist at the Rutgers University, New Brunswick, New Jersey, U.S.A. He made the discovery of streptomycin in 1944. He was born in Russia in 1888, came to America in 1910, and was naturalised in 1916.

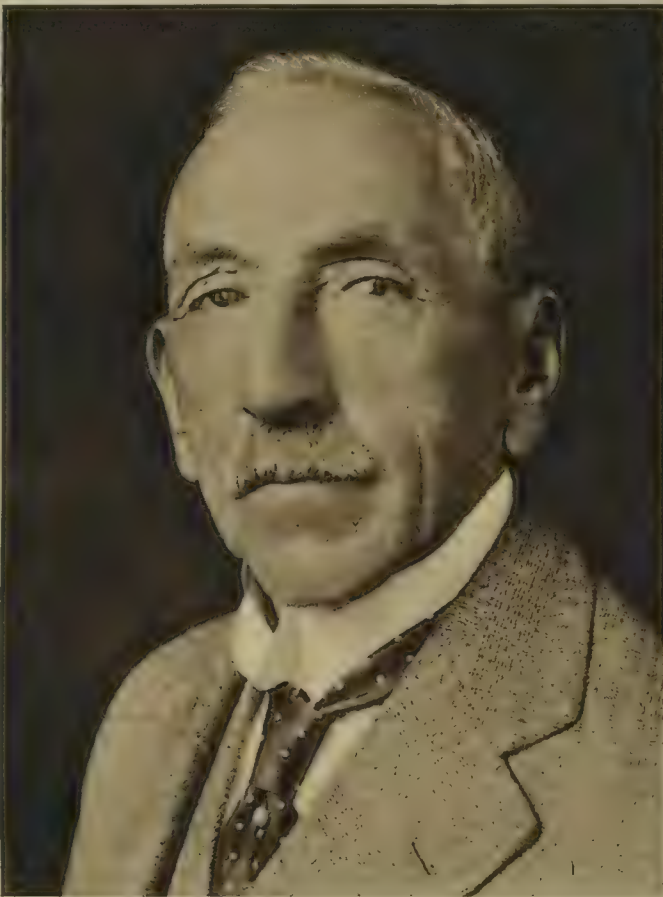
MR. PETER W. S. Y.
SCARLETT, C.M.G.

Appointed Permanent United Kingdom Representative to the Council of Europe, and her Majesty's Consul-General in Strasbourg. Mr. Scarlett will hold the personal rank of Minister Plenipotentiary.



MR. BASIL RADFORD.

Died on October 20, aged fifty-five. He was a versatile actor who had long established his reputation in light comedies on the stage, in films and on radio. He endeared himself to the public in portrayals of dim-witted but dogged Englishmen.



THE DEATH OF AUSTRALIA'S ELDER STATESMAN: MR. W. M. HUGHES.

The Commonwealth has suffered a great loss by the death, in Sydney on October 28, of Mr. William Morris Hughes at the age of eighty-eight. Mr. Hughes' record of continuous service was unparalleled in any legislature of the British Commonwealth of Nations. He was elected to Australia's first Federal Parliament in 1901, and was the only surviving member still sitting. He had held nine different portfolios, and was a member of thirteen Federal Ministries. From 1915 until 1923 he was Prime Minister. Mr. Hughes was the sole survivor of Lloyd George's Imperial War Cabinet.



GENERAL NE WIN.

The Supreme Commander and Chief of Staff of the Burmese Armed Forces, General Ne Win arrived in this country by air on October 17, and spent three days here as the guest of the Government before flying to the United States.



GEN. HOYT VANDENBERG.

Arrived in this country by air from the United States on Oct. 21 and left on Oct. 24. General Vandenberg, who is fifty-three, has been Chief of Staff of the U.S. Air Force since 1948. He is at present on a tour of American air bases in Europe and the Far East.



MR. JOHN PRITCHARD.

The young English conductor, who received an ovation at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, when he made his debut there on October 23, as the conductor for the new production of Verdi's "A Masked Ball." Aged thirty-one, he was engaged to conduct at Glyndebourne in 1947; and has conducted in Edinburgh and, more recently, in Vienna, where he is due to return after his Covent Garden engagement.



SPEAKING IN MILAN: MR. ATTLEE, WHO GAINED

A VICTORY OVER THE BEVANITES ON HIS RETURN. Mr. Attlee returned to this country on October 21 from Milan after attending the Socialist International. Two days later, on October 23, he gained a victory over the Bevanites at a meeting of the Parliamentary Labour Party. His resolution demanding immediate abandonment of all unofficial group organisations and an end to attacks by members of the Party on one another was carried by 188 votes to 51.



PREPARING TO LEAVE TEHRAN: A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE STAFF OF THE BRITISH EMBASSY. THE CHARGÉ D'AFFAIRES, MR. GEORGE MIDDLETON, IS SEEN CENTRE (FRONT). The much-heralded severance by Persia of diplomatic relations with this country was confirmed officially on October 22. The Persian Note, breaking off relations, was handed to Mr. George Middleton, British Chargé d'Affaires, who said that he would begin packing up. He added that the time given by the Persians was sufficient for him to wind up Embassy affairs and leave for home. On his instructions the Royal Coat-of-Arms was removed from its position above the main entrance to the British Embassy.



THE C.O. OF THE 1ST BN. THE LANCASHIRE FUSILIERS, IN KENYA: LIEUT.-COL.

AGAR (CENTRE), WITH MAJOR CORBYN (L.), AND MAJOR J. A. GROVER. On October 20 a state of emergency was declared in Kenya to allow the authorities to take strong action to suppress the Mau Mau terrorist attacks. This announcement coincided with the arrival by air of the 1st Battalion The Lancashire Fusiliers from the Canal Zone, in twelve twin-engined *Valetta* aircraft. Our photograph of the Commanding Officer, Lieut.-Colonel A. A. Agar, O.B.E., his second-in-command, Major J. E. L. Corbyn, D.S.O., M.C., and another officer, was taken on arrival.

THE DUCHESS IN BORNEO: PICTURESQUE EVENTS OF THE ROYAL TOUR.



THE DUCHESS OF KENT AND THE DUKE OF KENT IN JESSELTON, NORTH BORNEO: THE ROYAL VISITORS DRIVING OFF AMID CHEERS FROM GIRL GUIDES AND BROWNIES.



SEATED BESIDE THE SULTAN OF BRUNEI IN HIS HUGE ROYAL LITTER, BORNE BY THIRTY-SIX UNIFORMED SERVANTS: H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT.



SHOWING THE PICTURESQUE HOUSES BUILT ON STILTS OVER THE WATER: A VIEW OF OLD BRUNEI, A FISHING VILLAGE WHICH THE DUCHESS SAW FROM A LAUNCH.



INTRODUCTIONS BEFORE THE DINNER AT THE PALACE OF THE SULTAN OF BRUNEI: THE DUCHESS OF KENT WITH THE CHILDREN OF THE SULTAN (RIGHT) AND HIS CONSORT (LEFT)



AFTER NAMING "MARINA WELL": THE DUCHESS SMELLING ITS FIRST OIL. MR. R. E. HALES IS WITH HER, AND THE DUKE OF KENT ON THE LEFT.



LISTENING TO AN ADDRESS OF WELCOME READ BY THE SULTAN OF BRUNEI: THE DUCHESS OF KENT SEATED IN A STATE CHAIR AT THE BRUNEI STATE COUNCIL CHAMBER.



STOPPING TO SPEAK TO A TINY LITTLE CHINESE BROWNIE: H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT AFTER HER ARRIVAL AT JESSELTON, CAPITAL OF NORTH BORNEO.

The Duchess of Kent, with the Duke of Kent, flew from Kuching to Jesselton, capital of North Borneo, on October 17. She had a great welcome and fulfilled a number of engagements during her four-days stay there, including the opening of a new police block to be known as "Marina Barracks." She flew to Sandakan, former capital of North Borneo, to unveil a plaque to mark the opening of the Kent Hospital, one of the few permanent buildings completed since Sandakan

was destroyed by Allied bombing before the Australian landings. On October 21 the Duchess flew to Brunei, and had the unusual experience of being carried, seated beside the Sultan, in his State litter. On October 23 she carried out an unscheduled engagement by breaking a bottle of Australian champagne over Seria's Well 314 which had just struck oil. She was escorted by Mr. R. E. Halés, managing director of the British-Malayan Petroleum Co.

THE MAKING OF AN ADMIRAL—1854-1904.

"Fear God and Dread Nought. The Correspondence of Admiral of the Fleet Lord Fisher of Kilverstone." Volume I. Edited by Arthur J. Marder.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

"JACKY" FISHER has been dead many years: he was born in 1841. There must be younger generations (though I dare say that his legend lingers in the Navy) to whom he is merely a name, if that. To many of my own generation, who remember the pugnacious face and the letters full of Capitals, Execrations, Imprecations, notes of Exclamation, and fierce Quotations from the Old Testament about smiting hip and thigh whatever enemy of England, or Fisher, seemed to loom largest at the moment on the horizon, he remains in memory as a storm-centre of controversy. In an extremely conservative Navy, ruled by successions of changing and ignorant politicians, he always went straight for his object. Had he lived into our own time (and, privately penniless, he was always willing to resign, and somehow earn his bread, if the safety of England or the efficiency of the Navy were involved), he might have gone "all out" for aircraft carriers. But had it appeared to him, later, that the vast, flat expanses of aircraft carriers were vulnerable to jet-propelled atom-bombers, he would have at once considered as to whether a defence of rapidly-propelled swarms of atom-fighters could be organised, or whether aircraft carriers should be abandoned. He had a mind which worked like lightning: not a popular thing either with elderly Servicemen or with politicians.

This first volume of his letters, edited, astonishingly, by a Professor in the University of Hawaii, does not reach the more convulsive part of his career. But it does (and it carries him to his sixty-fourth year, and it is amusing that he was always proclaiming that the Navy was too full of Admirals who were too old) exhibit him as one of the most remarkable characters whom the Navy has produced. Whether he was the greatest sailor since Nelson, in the sense of seaman-warrior, is an open question. He had his views about strategy and tactics, as he had about most things; but he never commanded a great fleet in a great action. It is possible to believe that he might, if called upon, have combined all the best qualities of a Beatty with those of a Jellicoe; he might even, had he been given the chance, have been another Nelson: even as a young Naval Officer he was devouring all the books about Nelson of which he could get hold, and adoring, *via* his Admiral, a portrait of Lady Hamilton. That we shall never know; what is evident from this book is that in Jacky Fisher we had one of the most intelligent, honest, brave, single-minded persons in all our history.

He was born in Ceylon in 1841. "This birthplace," says the author, "coupled with Fisher's yellowish skin, originated the story that his mother was a Cingalese princess." I remember when I was a boy hearing that Admiral Fisher had "a touch of the tar-brush," or a streak of Malay. He himself was astonished to find that, born of quite orthodox and handsome parents, he was (it is his own word) "ugly." But when he was a midshipman, nobody thought he was ugly. There is a picture of him here, looking like an impish half-breed, between an Irishman and a Burmese girl, which is the most winning portrait of a boy that I have ever seen. And, as a young midshipman, and as a young lieutenant, and, indeed, until he became an Admiral, there were always people in the Navy who were attracted by his charm and originality, and impressed by his driving-power. In his earlier stages he seems to have cut through the Navy as a knife cuts through butter. But the higher he got the more resistance he met. It wasn't any more a question of a promising young colt who should be given his head, but of a young revolutionary who

was willing to challenge his elders on any subject from Naval gunnery to Bellville boilers, and, since the safety of the country was involved, had no scruples about contact with influential writers for the Press.

It is not for me to say whether he was right about boilers or Dreadnoughts; I am not an engineer; and weapons and armour are in a perpetual state of shift; at this moment erudite scientists (possibly including Russian and German spies) are trying to work out provisional defences against the atom-bomb. But it is certain that had Jacky Fisher been alive to-day—and he was not merely alive but young until he died—he would have been knitting his brows, licking his lips, and thinking: "How are we to cope?" Basically, he had a strong resemblance to Mr. Winston Churchill.

This volume of letters (which includes enchanting, juvenile ones and portentous, later, official ones), though it covers a great deal of naval history, and involves a good deal of negotiations between the Service, the Admiralty and the fleeting politicians, leaves one chiefly with an impression of the irrepressible young Jacky. Out

After nearly forty years there is the old ebullience in a letter to the First Lord of the Admiralty from Malta:

DEAR LORD SPENCER,

... There is a great deal in what Beresford urges, but he exaggerates so much that his good ideas become deformities and are unpractical, and his want of taste and uncontrolled desire for notoriety alienates his brother officers! He promised me faithfully (for we have always been great friends) that he would be circumspect and judicious in what he was going to say in public. He has been neither! and has forced me much against my will to disavow him on some points of importance because he could do so much good for the Navy with the public, for there is no doubt the "oi polloi" believe in him and listen to him like no one else!

"His uncontrolled desire for notoriety": "Charlie B," an Anglo-Irishman, was not averse from it; but he also, according to his lights, though he hadn't Fisher's brain, thought he was serving the country and the Navy. Jacky Fisher's opponents accused him also of an "uncontrolled desire for notoriety"; it is the common accusation made by the mediocre against the geniuses; by the half-hearted against the keen; by those who want "to get their names into the papers" against those whose names "get into the papers"; because they do their jobs, not caring fivepence whether their names "get into the papers" or not. Fisher was single-minded. His name will be in the papers of the future.

This book ends in 1904. "Jacky" by that time was an elderly Admiral who, according to his earlier theories, should have been put on the shelf, in order to make room for younger men. The greater part of his career was in front of him: I look forward to Mr. Marder's second volume, which must include the Dardanelles episode, in which Mr. Churchill, now still a young man of seventy-eight, was involved. This business of age has always seemed to me idiotic. All my life I have known men who were born middle-aged and remained middle-aged; I have known men who were born old and have remained old; but I have known men who were born young and remained young. The hairs may grow scarcer or greyer; the muscles may become less taut; the breath, unless sufficient exercise is taken, may become shorter; but, in the light of some faith or other the old boys keep going with all the enthusiasm of youth. Jacky Fisher was one of those.

I must leave it to the Naval historians to say whether he was right or wrong about various developments. As for political things, he being utterly honest and believing in the honesty of the British policing of the world, I think he was right. It doesn't come into this book, but I seem to remember that when the Kaiser's Fleet (and the Kaiser thought that if his grandmother had a lovely Fleet he ought to have one himself, not realising that this island's food depends on its Fleet, and thinking of a Fleet as merely a shining toy) became a menace to ours, he wanted to "Copenhagen 'em"; and had he had his way, the 1914 War wouldn't have happened, the last war wouldn't have happened, all our uncles, cousins and sons wouldn't have been killed, the decent Czar would still have been on his throne, the little Kings would have been on their thrones, the country houses of England would not have been in process of demolition, and income tax would still have been ninepence in the pound. But, since universal suffrage, based on complete ignorance, set in, no strong action can be taken by a British Government. The Government is frightened of "The People."

What Jacky Fisher would have thought about Abadan and Egypt I cannot conjecture. Or, rather, I can.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 740 of this issue.



"THE MOST WINNING PORTRAIT OF A BOY THAT I HAVE EVER SEEN": ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET LORD FISHER AS A MIDSHIPMAN. H.M.S. *Highflyer*, CHINA, 1859.



AS ADMIRAL SUPERINTENDENT, PORTSMOUTH, 1891: ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET LORD FISHER.



COMMANDER J. A. AND MRS. FISHER. JANUARY 1874. "ON APRIL 4, 1866, FISHER MARRIED FRANCES KATHARINE DELVES BROUGHTON, ONLY DAUGHTER OF THE REV. THOMAS DELVES BROUGHTON, RECTOR OF BLECHLEY. FOR FIFTY-TWO YEARS, UNTIL HER DEATH, SHE WAS A MOST DEVOTED, UNDERSTANDING AND HELPFUL WIFE, AND FISHER OFTEN SPOKE OF HIS MARITAL BLISS AND HIS INDEBTEDNESS TO HER, 'THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN MIND AND BODY THAT EVER LIVED.'"

Illustrations reproduced from the book "Fear God and Dread Nought: The Correspondence of Admiral of the Fleet Lord Fisher of Kilverstone"; by Courtesy of the Publisher, Jonathan Cape.

on the China Station, when he was still little more than a child, he poured out his heart and his ambitions, to the kind wife of the chief P. and O. agent in those parts, and reproached her for commissioning another midshipman, instead of himself, to buy for her little treasures in Japan.

* "Fear God and Dread Nought: The Correspondence of Admiral of the Fleet Lord Fisher of Kilverstone." Selected and Edited by Arthur J. Marder, University of Hawaii. Vol. I: The Making of an Admiral—1854-1904. Illustrated. (Jonathan Cape; 30s.)



THE ADMIRAL'S BARGE UP-TO-DATE: BRITAIN'S FIRST SEA LORD, ADMIRAL SIR RHODERICK McGRIGOR, BEING ASSISTED BY OFFICERS OF THE CRUISER *BIRMINGHAM* AS HE ARRIVED ON BOARD FROM A HELICOPTER DURING A RECENT TEN-DAY TOUR OF COMMONWEALTH SHIPS IN KOREAN WATERS.

Britain's First Sea Lord, Admiral Sir Rhoderick McGrigor, recently spent a month touring the Korean fighting front. During that time he spent ten days visiting Commonwealth ships operating in Korean waters. Admiral Sir Rhoderick McGrigor, who has the reputation of being a keen exponent of naval air power, flew in many types of aircraft during his tour. He left Britain in a *Comet* and later travelled in *Hastings*, *Dakota*, *Avenger* and *Beaver* aircraft, and frequently by helicopter. Our photograph shows the First Sea Lord arriving on board the cruiser *Birmingham* from a helicopter. He spent five days in the cruiser, and watched

a bombardment of enemy gun positions; he also visited the aircraft-carrier *Ocean* and watched flying operations, which he described as "of the highest standard I have seen in a long experience of carriers." He went on board Canadian, Australian and New Zealand destroyers and frigates engaged in blockading the Korean coast and in capturing enemy sampans which try to carry out mine-laying operations there. Admiral Sir Rhoderick McGrigor arrived in Victoria, British Columbia, on October 22 before going on to Ottawa for conferences with Canadian Chiefs of Staff on his way back to the United Kingdom.

MYCENÆAN LIFE AND DEATH: IMPORTANT AND EXTENSIVE DISCOVERIES WHICH THROW NEW LIGHT ON THE DAYS BEFORE AGAMEMNON.

By PROFESSOR A. J. B. WACE, Leader of the British Expedition to Mycenæ.

(A previous article by Professor Wace appeared in our issue of October 25 and dealt mainly with the commercial tablets, ivories and bronze tools found during this last season's work at Mycenæ. Here Professor Wace discusses the other important finds made on four separate sites at Mycenæ during this year.)

IN the Prehistoric Cemetery some graves of the Middle Bronze Age (1900-1600 B.C.) of the usual types were found and also one of a rare type. This is a shallow, circular pit cut in the soft rock and lined with small stones (Figs. 2 and 3). The body, that of a child, was placed in a contracted position in the centre and was then covered with a large circular disc of soft stone. The whole gives the effect of what has been called a "bun" grave. As usual the tombs contained few grave gifts, but one held a small spouted vase in serpentine, an uncommon find, and another a small painted clay jug (Fig. 4).



FIG. 1. A PANORAMA GIVING A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SITES AT MYCENÆ REFERRED TO BY PROFESSOR WACE IN THIS ARTICLE AND HIS PREVIOUS ONE ("THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF OCTOBER 25).

The letters marked on the panorama indicate the sites of: (A) The Prehistoric Cemetery; (B) The Perseia Fountain House; (C) The general direction of the Wine Merchant's House; (D) The site of the Greek Archaeological Society's dig (described by Dr. Pappadimitriou in our issue of September 27); (E) The Oil Merchant's House.



FIG. 2. A RARE TYPE OF "BUN" GRAVE DISCOVERED IN THE PREHISTORIC CEMETERY AT MYCENÆ—OF THE MIDDLE BRONZE AGE. THE CIRCULAR DISC OF SOFT STONE COVERS THE ACTUAL BURIAL, WHICH IS SHOWN IN FIG. 3.

To the west of the Prehistoric Cemetery and directly to the south of the modern carriage road, ruins previously attributed to a Hellenistic Gymnasium were completely cleared and identified as those of the Perseia Fountain House seen in the second century A.D. by the traveller Pausanias among the ruins of Mycenæ. The existing ruins are of Hellenistic date (third-second century B.C.) and consist of two cement-lined basins (one wide, one narrow) built against a terrace wall of classical date (Fig. 17). Before the wider or eastern basin (Fig. 18) was a paved space which may have been roofed to provide shelter for women who came to draw water. The narrow or western basin, which was perhaps for animals, was divided into two sections by a limestone block which is a re-used boundary stone from a shrine of Hera. The characters of the inscription date it to the second quarter of the fifth century B.C. The two basins overlies a water-channel older than the terrace wall. The water was led down from



FIG. 4. TWO OF THE VERY FEW BURIAL GIFTS FOUND IN THE PREHISTORIC CEMETERY AT MYCENÆ. (LEFT) AN UNUSUAL SMALL SPOUTED JUG CARVED OUT OF SERPENTINE; AND (RIGHT) A SMALL PAINTED CLAY JUG.

one wall and the purpose of this imposing Mycenæan monument can not yet be determined. This can only be ascertained by further excavation, but the site is most promising. In the neighbourhood of the wall many vases were found, including the inscribed stirrup jar (Fig. 21) mentioned in my first article. There was a smaller, well-painted and unbroken stirrup vase of the thirteenth century B.C., a drinking-cup (*kylix*) (Fig. 23), with the unusual feature of horns on the handles, and a splendid *askos* (Fig. 22), unpainted but of elegant shape. The *askos* shape, it is interesting to note, is now much in use in America in restaurants and cafés for water-jugs and proves most practical.

Another fine vase is a large piece of a "chariot" vase (Fig. 19) with a scene of a man and woman driving in a chariot preceded by an attendant who strikes an attitude like that of a drum-major as he strides along with a staff in his hand. The chariot was probably drawn by a pair of horses, to judge by the pole and by other examples, and the apparent presence of one horse only is a kind of artistic shorthand. "Chariot" vases have been much quoted in two

the well-known spring, to-day called *neromana*, which rises above the citadel to the east. The original installation might even go back to Mycenæan days.

South of the Fountain House, trial trenches revealed a well-built Mycenæan wall of four tiers of

ashlar blocks of *poros* resting on a foundation of small stones. This runs for 20 metres (65½ ft.) from south to north up the slope of the ridge and, at first sight, would appear to be one side of the entrance passage of a beehive tomb. There is, however, only

or whether they were manufactured also in mainland Greek centres. This example is undoubtedly of Mycenæan fabric, and at present it seems that they were made both in Cyprus and in various centres of mainland Greece. The other debate concerns the question whether the Mycenæans and the Homeric Greeks rode horses or only drove them in chariots. Homer makes very rare mention of riding and his heroes go to battle in chariots. We have many representations in frescoes and on vases like this of Mycenæan men and women driving in chariots, but none of men riding.

This year, just to the west of the Perseia Fountain House, a deposit of Late Mycenæan (thirteenth century B.C.) pottery and terra-cotta figurines (found in 1939) was dug out, and among the figurines was one showing a man riding a horse (Fig. 20).—This gives

definite proof that at Mycenæ itself horses were ridden. Thus we may suppose that the Mycenæans both rode and drove horses. In any case, it seems natural that if they had domesticated horses they would ride them. Any boy taking a horse out to pasture would, if he were a natural boy, at once try to get on its back and ride it. The harnessing of horses to chariots and wheeled vehicles is much more sophisticated than riding a horse or pony bareback.

The excavation of two houses, the house of the oil merchant, to the south of the ridge where the beehive tomb called the Tomb of Clytemnestra stands, and the house of the wine merchant



FIG. 3. THE SAME "BUN" GRAVE AS FIG. 2, WITH THE STONE DISC REMOVED, SHOWING THE PIT LINED WITH SMALL STONES AND THE BONES OF THE BODY—THAT OF A SMALL CHILD—LYING IN THE CONTRACTED POSITION IN THE SHALLOW PIT.

(found in 1951), in the area of the Cyclopean Terrace Building to the north provide welcome additions to our knowledge of the conditions of life at Mycenæ, for these give us some idea of the houses and premises of men, probably merchants on whom the prosperity of the country depended.

One of these houses, as stated, was probably that of an oil merchant, from the obvious signs of oil in the stirrup jars found in the house in 1950. This year the basement of the house was cleared and the inscribed tablets were discovered. There is a well-planned series of four or five rooms leading off a main corridor to the west. At the south end was a staircase which went up to a first floor standing on the same level as rooms, now destroyed, on a higher terrace to the west.

The basement contained stores and merchandise and the living quarters would have been on the floor above. Whether there was yet [Continued opposite.

FROM A WINE MERCHANT'S SHOP OF 3200 YEARS AGO: MYCENÆAN POTTERY.



FIGS. 5, 6, 7. THREE OF THE FIFTY OR SO LARGE STIRRUP JARS (ABOUT 1½ FT. HIGH) WHICH WERE FOUND IN THE WINE MERCHANT'S HOUSE, RECENTLY EXCAVATED AT MYCENÆ. FIGS. 6 AND 7 ARE ALMOST PERFECT EXAMPLES OF THE LOCAL WARE, BUT THE ELABORATELY DECORATED EXAMPLE SHOWN IN FIG. 5 IS BELIEVED TO BE AN IMPORTED PIECE, WHICH MAY VERY WELL HAVE COME FROM CRETE.

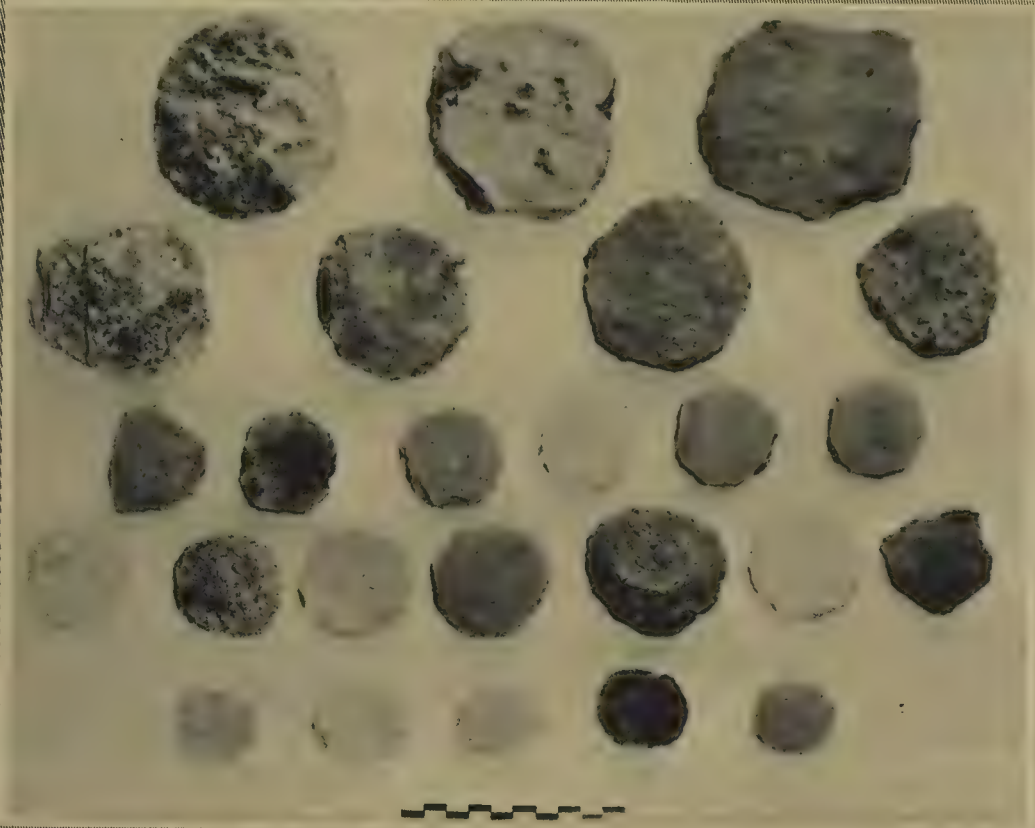


FIG. 8. SOME OF THE MANY STONE OR CHIPPED POTTERY DISCS WHICH WERE FOUND IN THE WINE MERCHANT'S HOUSE, PROBABLY USED AS STOPPERS, HELD IN PLACE WITH A WET CLAY SEAL.

Continued.
another story, making three in all with the basement, can not be told, but the plan of the staircase would allow it. The lower walls, supported by a massive terrace wall of Cyclopean masonry, are of stone and the upper stories were of crude brick strengthened with timber, as usual in Mycenaean construction, like an English black-and-white house. The thresholds and door-jambs were of wood, while the walls and floors were covered with clay plaster. In one room of the basement (Fig. 14) there were many vases, mostly for storage purposes and so undecorated, but there were several painted vases which date the house and its contents definitely to the thirteenth century B.C. There are two stirrup jars (Figs. 15 and 16), a splendid spouted bowl of brilliant fabric (Fig. 13), and a series of ladles. The latter

(Continued below, left.)



FIG. 9. PROBABLY USED FOR FILLING THE STIRRUP JARS FROM THE GREAT PITHOI: A POTTERY FUNNEL (1 FT. 8 INS. HIGH), PAINTED WITH A BOLD OCTOPUS DESIGN.

(Continued.)
(Fig. 12) are decorated with the restraint which was a Mycenaean characteristic. There is a narrow corded band on the handle and a pattern of dots along the rim. The graceful shape of the ladle and its delicate fabric need no other ornament. In the house of the wine merchant, which is part of the Cyclopean Terrace Building, a store-room was cleared (Fig. 10). In it had stood at least eight large storage jars (*pithoi*) about 1.70 m. (5 ft. 7 ins.) high (Fig. 11). These, like those in the house of the oil merchant, owing to their small bases and spreading bodies, had to be supported by rectangular blocks of clay set at intervals on the floor of the store-room.

(Continued opposite.)



FIG. 10. A CORNER OF THE WINE MERCHANT'S STORE, SHOWING THE REMAINS OF LARGE STORAGE PITHOI, SUPPORTED WITH CLAY BUTTRESSES; AND SOME BROKEN STIRRUP JARS.



FIG. 11. ONE OF THE HUGE PITHOI OR WINE JARS FROM THE WINE MERCHANT'S HOUSE, WITH A WORKMAN STANDING BY TO GIVE THE SCALE.

(Continued.)
Among them lay over fifty large stirrup jars (Figs. 5-7) each about 0.45 m. (1 ft. 6 ins.) high. Some of these were unbroken, but others were piled together in pieces or else lay inside the storage jars cracked into fragments. Among them lay a fine funnel painted with a bold octopus design and dating from the thirteenth century B.C. (Fig. 9). This was probably used for filling the stirrup jars from the *pithoi* which would have served as storage vats. In the same room were about eighty discs (Fig. 8) chipped from pottery or stone which served as caps or lids for the spouts of the stirrup and other jars. These, according to a find at the Menelaion, at

(Continued overleaf, centre.)



FIG. 12. A POTTERY LADLE (ABOUT ACTUAL SIZE) FOUND IN THE OIL MERCHANT'S HOUSE. OF SINGULARLY SATISFACTORY DESIGN, ITS BUFF FABRIC CARRIES A TYPICALLY RESTRAINED MYCENÆAN PATTERN OF CIRCLES AND DOTS IN DARK BROWN.



FIG. 13. "A SPLENDID SPOUTED BOWL OF BRILLIANT FABRIC"—ONE OF A NUMBER OF POTTERY VESSELS OF EXCELLENT DESIGN FOUND IN THE OIL MERCHANT'S HOUSE DURING THIS SEASON'S EXCAVATIONS.



FIG. 14. A SECTION OF THE BASEMENT OF THE OIL MERCHANT'S HOUSE, SHOWING THE RING BASES IN WHICH THE GREAT PITHOI, OR STORAGE JARS, STOOD AND THE INTERMEDIATE BUTTRESSES BUILT TO SUPPORT THEIR SIDES.

BEAUTIES OF EARLY MYCENÆAN COMMERCE: TREASURES FROM AN OIL MERCHANT'S STORE.



FIG. 15. ONE OF THE SPLENDID STIRRUP JARS FOUND IN THE OIL MERCHANT'S HOUSE WHICH HELP TO DATE ITS CONTENTS DEFINITELY TO THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

Continued.

Sparta, were laid over the spouts and then covered with vine-leaves. Above this was placed a large cap of clay, which was sealed with a signet. The Spartan example was no doubt followed here. It is suggested that these jars contained wine because they show no trace of oil. North of the house of the oil merchant and round the house of the wine merchant there are other private houses waiting to be excavated. This excavation of private houses at Mycenæ gives welcome information about the private residences outside the citadel and indicates that the occupiers of them must have been well-to-do merchants or traders. Such houses hint that there was a rich trading or middle class at Mycenæ. It was only to be expected that between the king and nobles and the working class there

[Continued opposite, centre.]



FIG. 16. A STIRRUP JAR, IN EXCELLENT PRESERVATION, FOUND IN THE OIL MERCHANT'S HOUSE. THE PAINTED DESIGNS OF THIS AND OF FIG. 15 ARE REALLY STRIKING AND EFFECTIVE.

GRAPHIC PROOF THAT THE MYCENÆANS BOTH RODE AND DROVE HORSES.



FIG. 17. THE REMAINS OF THE PERSEIA FOUNTAIN HOUSE WHICH PAUSANIAS SAW, FROM THE WEST. THE TWO FURTHER BASINS ARE HELLENISTIC (THIRD-SECOND CENTURY B.C.), THE GUTTER IN THE FOREGROUND MUCH EARLIER.

Continued.
must have been a class of traders or bourgeois who, as we know now, could write and read. The oil-storage vessels in the house of the oil merchant hint that oil was perhaps one of the bases of the wealth of Mycenæ. Another source of wealth was probably copper, as has been suggested before. Was wine also an object of Mycenaean trade? The excavation of more houses of this class and the finding and decipherment of more inscribed tablets will probably one day supply the answer. In any case, the excavations of 1952 have substantially increased our knowledge of Mycenaean life and culture.



FIG. 18. THE LARGER BASIN OF THE PERSEIA FOUNTAIN (PROBABLY FOR HUMAN USE), FROM THE EAST. THE SMALLER, LOWER, DIVIDED BASIN (SEE FIG. 17) WAS PROBABLY FOR THE USE OF ANIMALS.



FIG. 19. PERHAPS THE EARLIEST PICTURE OF A "BACK-SEAT DRIVER": A MAN AND (RIGHT) AGITATED WIFE, IN A TWO-HORSE CHARIOT—THE POSITION OF THE POLE IS A CONVENTION FOR TWO HORSES. AN IMPORTANT DOCUMENT.



FIG. 20. A CLAY TOY (THE LEGS ARE PLASTICINE TO SUPPORT THE FRAGMENT) WHICH (WITH FIG. 19) WOULD SEEM TO PROVE THAT THE MYCENÆANS BOTH RODE AND DROVE HORSES.



FIG. 21. A STIRRUP JAR WITH AN INSCRIPTION IN THE LINEAR B MINO-MYCENÆAN SCRIPT, PROBABLY DESCRIBING THE CONTENTS OF THE JAR.



FIG. 22. AN UNPAINTED BUT ELEGANT VESSEL OF THE ASKOS (OR WINE-SKIN) SHAPE. PROFESSOR WACE COMPARES IT WITH WATER VESSELS USED IN MODERN AMERICAN RESTAURANTS.



FIG. 23. A SPLENDID KYLIX OR TWO-HANDLED DRINKING-VESSEL IN UNPAINTED WARE—22 CMS. OR 8½ INS. WIDE. FOUND IN THE SAME GROUP AS FIGS. 21 AND 22, BESIDE THE AS YET UNIDENTIFIED CYCLOPEAN WALL.

IF a Briton were asked what was the leading topic in the news in the United States during the week ending October 7, he would certainly reply that it was the Presidential election. I suppose he would be right, but not by nearly as wide a margin as he would suppose. In the east it was a photo-finish. In New York the warring candidates, coyly unveiling their incomes and income-taxes, and even Senator Dick Nixon's cocker spaniel—the most famous dog in the world to-day—were well beaten. What held the masses during those days was in fact the "world series" baseball championship. This is in normal times a more exciting event than any sporting affair we experience over here, and this year it was more exciting than ever. There are two major baseball leagues, the National and the American. The greater part of the season is taken up with their internal struggles. Then at the end comes the world series, which is a battle to find the champion of champions, a battle between the champions of these two leagues. This year Brooklyn topped the National League and New York the American.

These teams are better known to their supporters as "the Dodgers" and "the Yankees" respectively. The latter represent all that is most famous in baseball from the days of Babe Ruth to that of Joe DiMaggio. They have won the world series frequently, almost monotonously. On October 1 they faced opponents who had never won the series, though they had qualified for it more than once. And so, though the competition in the National League had been at least as stern as in the American, and some thought even stiffer, the prophets were on the Yankees to a man. The opening odds on their winning the series were 8 to 5. The Dodgers had the reputation of winning every little game and failing to win the big ones. This was a good enough formula for success in a league competition, but a very bad one for beating a team such as the Yankees in a duel. Passionate adherents in Brooklyn expressed confidence that their team would win, but they were virtually alone, and I doubt whether their secret hearts were as bold as their words.

The Yankees took the field with many assets, apart from their immense prestige, which is very important in a contest of this kind. Their great wealth had enabled them to procure a large staff of brilliant players. They could have turned out a second team which would have been well backed in this series and, owing to the fact that substitutes can be called on in the midst of a game, they could make use of these resources at will. They had a veritable cluster of pitching stars, headed by the remarkable Allie Reynolds, not as young now as he used to be, but still about the best pitcher in the game. They had several tremendous hitters—Berra, Rizzuto and Mantle among the foremost—any one of whom was at any time capable of breaking up a game by clouting the ball high among the spectators. There was really,

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. HOW THE DODGERS TRIED AGAIN.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

I was in New York for the first game. The excitement was intense. It had become known that the Dodgers' coach was going to do something worse than unorthodox, practically unheard of—that is, play the "rookie" pitcher Joe Black in the opening round. The Yankees were relying on the terrible Allie Reynolds. The Dodgers did it! "Homers" by Jackie Robinson, Reese and Snider scored the points, but they would have availed nothing unless supported by wonderful pitching such as that produced by Joe Black. It was the schoolboy story over again. Tyro beats genius; beginner beats old hand. Black clearly outpitched Reynolds. One after the other he subdued the great Yankee batters and shut them out. After



"DUKE SNIDER COULD HIT A BALL FARTHER THAN MOST PEOPLE IN THE WORLD, AND DO IT PRETTY OFTEN": THIS FINE BATTER OF THE DODGERS' TEAM FIELDING A 400-FT. DRIVE BY YOGI BERRA OF THE YANKEES IN THE FOURTH INNING OF THE FOURTH GAME OF THE "WORLD SERIES" BASEBALL CHAMPIONSHIP AT YANKEE STADIUM, NEW YORK, ON OCTOBER 4.



"ROY CAMPANELLA WAS ALMOST WITHOUT A RIVAL AS A CATCHER, SAFE AS A ROCK AND ABLE TO THROW AS THOUGH THE BALL CAME OUT OF A GUN": THE DODGERS' CATCHER FALLING WHEN DUCKING A PITCH FROM ALLIE REYNOLDS, THE YANKEES' PITCHER, WHILE THE YANKEES' BACKSTOP, YOGI BERRA, TAKES THE BALL FROM HIS GLOVE IN THE FIRST INNING OF THE FOURTH GAME.

on paper, no weak spot anywhere among them, though as the match developed they did show themselves on one or two occasions curiously uncertain in their fielding.

On the side of the Dodgers the pitchers looked distinctly inferior. A coloured man, Joe Black, had been doing some remarkable things, but he was a recruit, not long off the farm, and there was no certainty that he had it in him to rise to a situation such as this. The hitters had shown themselves brilliant in spurts, but the play of the majority of them had been streaky. Another coloured man, the big Jackie Robinson, had been hitting a most satisfactory number of home runs and had proved himself a very fast runner between bases. The veteran captain, "Pee-Wee" (Midget) Reese, was a fine batter and a clever strategist. Duke Snider could hit a ball farther than most people in the world, and do it pretty often. Roy Campanella was almost without a rival as a catcher, safe as a rock and able to throw as though the ball came out of a gun. Best of all, if any fielder got his fingers to a ball in the air, that ball was most unlikely to reach the ground. It did not all add up to enough, thought the sporting scribes. Incidentally, the impression which might be given by the above that descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers are ill represented in baseball is probably correct.

the game the man who had contributed so much to the victory was surrounded by admirers. Was he nervous? Yes, he was always nervous. "I have," he said, "butterflies in my stomach." One might have guessed it as he stood there shaking his head while he waited for the ball to be thrown to him. Hundreds of thousands besides the happy "rookie" must have been afflicted by the same complaint.

This victory alleviated it slightly, but was far from curing it. One game had been won, but four victories were required for the championship. My

waiter that night, when I expressed some pleasure over the good start made by the under-dogs, remarked firmly: "The Yankees will moider them to-morrow, sir." The prophets still backed New York, though I think the odds upon them eased a little. I do not know much about the events of that day because, after watching the first hour's play by television, I had to go aboard for home and heard no more until I got the score at dinner in S.S. America. Alas for the Dodgers! The scornful waiter had been nearly correct, and they were well beaten. Both Black and Reynolds were rested, but the pitching of the Yankees was superb. Now we had lost the television, of course, but all the fans aboard assembled each day to listen to the wireless. On the second day out, so far as I remember, it was appalling, emitting roars and screams while we shouted at each other: "What did he say? What base is Andy Paiko on?" After that we went on to the short wave and the commentator's voice came over well. Baseball and cricket, with few other resemblances, are better suited than any other games to description on the radio.

By this time I had become a furious partisan of the Dodgers. I could hardly speak to a pleasant man at my table who assured me quietly but decisively that the Yankees were almost certain to win. The third

game restored my spirits and confidence. Preacher Roe, a "south-paw" (left-hander), pitched well for the Dodgers, and bold, clever running by Reese and Robinson did the rest. For the fourth game the men who had opposed each other in the first, Reynolds and Black, came out again. Black pitched well, but this time Reynolds was deadly, at times unplayable. Now it was two

games all. The fifth, played on Sunday, proved to be a dour and prolonged struggle, which went to eleven innings before the Dodgers won by 6 to 5. Now it was becoming almost unbearable. One more game would give the Dodgers the championship, whereas the Yankees had to win two in succession. If the Yankees won the sixth game, the contest would in any case go to the seventh game, which represented the maximum possible number. They went about their task in such a way that there never appeared much doubt about the issue. It was three games all, with the deciding game to be played on Tuesday, October 7.

I shall always remember that last game. The commentator became as excited as his listeners, but found time to give them scraps of baseball history in the intervals between innings and sometimes between balls. He appeared to excel himself on this occasion and made the game more vivid than ever. The Yankees brought out almost all their pitchers in succession, and all pitched well. The Yankees took the lead and clung to it. Then came the crisis, which could not have been more dramatic. If I remember aright, the Yankees were two ahead. In the next innings (inning, in the singular, in baseball parlance) of the Dodgers the issue hung by a hair. All the bases were "loaded," which means that there was a man on each base. If a home-run were hit the Dodgers would lead by two, and almost certainly the game and the championship would be theirs. It was not to be. The pitch prevailed. "That," said my irritating friend, "is how a great pitcher deals with a great batter." There was an inning each to follow, but the excitement was less now. We felt that there would be no further score and that the remorseless Yankees would hold on. It ended very quickly. The Dodgers, after a splendid effort, had flagged at a fatal moment. Their ambition was as far away as ever. The Yankees had once more won the world series.

The butterflies in my stomach, which had been beating their wings almost as furiously as those in poor Joe Black's, ceased their activity. It was now after dinner as a result of alterations of the clock as we steamed eastward, and I could give myself to digestion instead of butterfly-hunting. Yet I could spare time for sympathy with drab Brooklyn. If only that homer had been hit, it would have been in the throes of triumph and wild celebration of its first victory. It would assuredly, as the saying is,



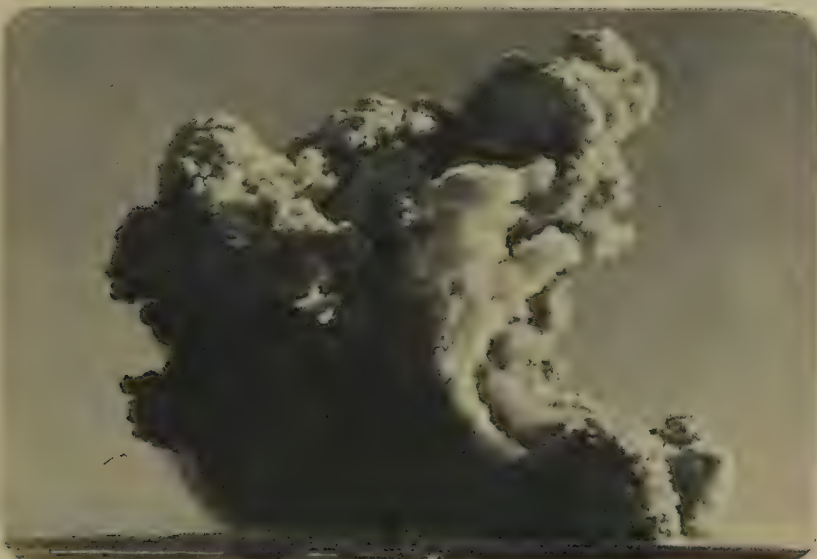
OUT ON A THIRD INNING STEAL ATTEMPT IN THE FOURTH GAME OF THE "WORLD SERIES" AT YANKEE STADIUM, NEW YORK: "PEE-WEE" (MIDGET) REESE, THE DODGERS' SHORTSTOP AND CAPTAIN, ARRIVING IN A CLOUD OF DUST AT SECOND BASE WHILE THE UMPIRE, ART PASSARELLA, CALLS PLAY. PHIL RIZZUTO, THE YANKEES' SHORTSTOP, TOOK THE THROW FROM CATCHER YOGI BERRA.

have let its hair down. None the less, I could not deny that the best side had won. It had always seemed to me, and perhaps the sentiment was strengthened by the fact that I was backing the losers, that the winners were just a shade the more threatening. I had sighed with relief, almost with surprise, every time Berra went back without hitting a homer. The New York Yankees were worthy champions.

I look back and wonder if I was crazy. It would have been impossible and unthinkable for me to give so much time to any sporting contest on the radio if I had not been at sea and resting after strenuous travel. Yet I am glad of the experience. It enabled me to realise more fully than before the fascination of what is undoubtedly one of the best games in the world. As I have said, for the time this match muffled the conflicting appeals of Mr. Eisenhower and Mr. Stevenson. If ever I find myself again in New York, or anywhere else when the Dodgers are playing, I shall make every effort to see them. I am henceforth enrolled upon the list of Dodger fans. And if during the remainder of my lifetime they ever again find themselves fighting for the world series, I am sure I shall feel at least a faint flutter of butterflies in my stomach.



MONTE BELLO, 8 A.M. (LOCAL TIME), OCTOBER 3: AN EARLY STAGE IN THE DETONATION OF BRITAIN'S FIRST ATOMIC WEAPON, AFTER THE INITIAL ORANGE FLASH HAD GIVEN PLACE TO A GREAT UPRUSH OF WATER, CLOUDS OF SMOKE, STEAM AND SPRAY, AMIDST WHICH H.M.S. *PLYM* WAS "VAPORISED."



AS THE CLOUD SURGED INTO THE SKY, SOUTHERLY WINDS, VARYING IN SPEED AT DIFFERENT HEIGHTS, BEGAN TO TAKE EFFECT, AS SEEN ABOVE.



CONTAINING THOUSANDS OF TONS OF WATER, MUD AND ROCK FROM THE SEA-BED: THE CLOUD FORMATION—AT THIS STAGE TWO MILES HIGH AND ROUGHLY A MILE ACROSS.



BEGINNING TO DISPERSE NORTHWARDS OUT TO SEA: THE CLOUD FORMATION SPREADING RAPIDLY OVER A WIDE AREA WITHIN 30 MINUTES OF THE DETONATION.



THE COMPLETION OF BRITAIN'S FIRST ATOMIC TEST: A VIEW OF THE CLOUD FORMATION, NOW FIFTY MILES LONG, HALF AN HOUR AFTER THE DETONATION.

A DETONATION THAT "VAPORISED" A WARSHIP: OFFICIAL

These first official photographs of the detonation of Britain's first atomic weapon in the Monte Bello Islands, off the coast of Australia, on October 3, show in a series aspects of the cloud formation during the half-hour following the detonation. In a statement in the House of Commons on October 23, the Prime Minister said: "The object of the test was to investigate the effects of an atomic explosion in a harbour. The weapon was accordingly placed in H.M.S. *Plym*, frigate of 1450 tons, which was anchored in the Monte Bello

PHOTOGRAPHS OF BRITAIN'S FIRST ATOMIC WEAPON TEST.

Islands. . . . The weapon was exploded in the morning of October 3. Thousands of tons of water and of mud and rock from the sea-bottom were thrown many thousands of feet into the air and a high tidal wave was caused. . . . H.M.S. *Plym* was vaporised except for some red-hot fragments which were scattered over one of the islands. . . . When the flash first burst through the hull of the *Plym* the temperature was nearly 1,000,000 degrees. It was, of course, far higher at the point of the explosion."

CONTESTANTS FOR THE MOST RESPONSIBLE POST IN THE FREE WORLD: THE RIVAL CANDIDATES IN THE UNITED STATES PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.



THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY: GENERAL OF THE ARMY DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER.

General Eisenhower, probably the American best known to the Old World, was born at Denison, Texas, on October 14, 1890. After attending the U.S. Military Academy, he was commissioned in 1915. He was married in July the next year to Mamie Geneva Doud; and they had two sons, of whom one, John Sheldon Doud Eisenhower, survives. He also is married and the General is a grandfather. General Eisenhower was little known outside the Army until 1942, when he was appointed Allied Commander-in-Chief, North Africa. In 1943 he was made Commanding General Allied Forces, European Theatre of Operations, when, as the head of S.H.A.E.F., he was in

command of the invasion of Europe. After commanding the U.S. Forces of Occupation in Germany in 1945, he became U.S. Chief of Staff, a position he held until 1948. He then became President of Columbia University. From this he was recalled to command Supreme Headquarters Allied Powers in Europe (S.H.A.P.E.). After this he retired from the Army in answer to the general call to present himself as a candidate in the Republican Party primaries. In these he was chosen as the Party's candidate, and now, at the age of sixty-two, represents that Party's best chance to return to power after twenty years in opposition.

EXCLUSIVE PORTRAIT STUDY BY KAREN OF OTTAWA.



THE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY: GOVERNOR ADLAI EWING STEVENSON.

Governor Adlai Stevenson was born at Los Angeles, California, on February 5, 1900, and is thus ten years younger than General Eisenhower. After a brief period in journalism he was admitted to the Illinois bar in 1926. He married Ellen Borden in December, 1928; and they had three sons. The marriage was later dissolved. He has served his country with distinction in many capacities, but avoided publicity and was little known until he became Democratic Governor of Illinois in 1948. He was, however, Special Assistant to the Secretary of the Navy, 1941-44, Chief of the Foreign Economic Administration, Italy Mission, 1945, and Special Assistant

to the Secretary of State, 1945. After the war he was Adviser to the U.S. delegation at San Francisco and after the formation of the United Nations he was Alternate U.S. Delegate at the General Assembly of U.N. in 1946. He won a sweeping victory in 1948 to become Governor of the large, rich and influential State of Illinois, and in this position has greatly distinguished himself. It has been stated that never before have the two parties been simultaneously so worthily represented and that whoever is elected on November 4, the great world responsibilities which are now the lot of the U.S. President will find a man equal to the task.

EXCLUSIVE PORTRAIT STUDY BY KAREN OF OTTAWA.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



ON one of the last days of September, and so, one of the last days of the season for trout fishing, I paid an afternoon visit to two very beautiful, small, stream-fed lakes,

lying hidden in a deep, wooded fold of the Cotswolds. It is an enchanting place by day. At dusk it becomes enchanted. Only once have I met a solitary human being there—my host. Quantities of wild duck rise noisily from the water as one fishes up-lake, to circle once or twice, and then splash back at a safe distance ahead or behind. Trees, wild undergrowth, and here and there hills rising steeply from the water's edge, leave few clear spaces from which to cast a fly. One or two fallen trees lie half-submerged, dead and drowned in the dark water. How strangely sinister a drowned tree can look! But the most notable thing about this place—apart from the trouts—is one particular centuries-old yew tree. There are other veterans near the water, but this one commands my profound respect and veneration each time I pass. It is not that the tree is particularly lofty. It is the trunk which impresses. Clear of growth to a height of 20 ft. or so, and with the girth of several stout men, it is plump and smooth and deeply dimpled, as is the way with some yews, and as with the nicest yews, the soft, leathery outer skin is ruddy. But within, that trunk must resemble solid ivory.

The trout in these little lakes are fine fellows, and above local average in size. They enjoy good appetites, they are fierce and gallant fighters, and their delicate pink flesh induces good appetite. Having caught a brace I strolled to a meadow at the top of the upper lake, where two years ago I encountered a bevy of naked ladies. I doubt if bevy is the correct collective noun for such a concourse. Maybe it should be a flush, or a blush, or a chivvy. Anyway, I was lucky, and found them there again just as before, and this raises an interesting point. Naked Ladies, Meadow Saffron, Autumn Crocus, Son Before the Father, or, if you prefer the Latin botanical name, *Colchicum autumnale*, is extremely poisonous in all its parts, both dried and in the fresh state, and there is a general belief that the poisonous principle finds its way into the milk of cows which have eaten the leaves. Yet this meadow by the lake is regularly grazed by dairy cows, as are innumerable meadows in many parts of Britain, where the *Colchicum* is even more abundant than here. But I have never heard of steps being taken to exterminate the bulbs—which would surely not be difficult—nor have I ever heard of people being poisoned by *Colchicum*-fed milk. In Switzerland the *Colchicum* grows in the Alpine pastures by the acre and by the million. I can imagine experienced Swiss cows learning to avoid eating *Colchicum* whilst grazing—for their own sakes, if not for that of their customers. But I cannot see them daintily picking out and avoiding *Colchicum* leaves in their hay. It would certainly be an all-time job for them during the long, dark Alpine winter days. Or have the *Colchicum* leaves died down before the hay is cut? It would be interesting to know how dangerous the plant really is, to cows and to humans, and how often there have been fatalities. To read some authorities on the subject one would expect, on visiting Switzerland, and knowing how full of *Colchicum* the pastures are, to see the whole countryside strewn with dead cows and Polytechnicians. That has never been my experience.

The mauve, crocus-like flowers of *Colchicum autumnale* are quite pleasant to have about the garden, and they look their best when growing in grass rather than from bare soil. They look less naked thus. There is a white-flowered form, a few of which are worth planting, for variety among the mauve. There is, too, a very rare double white variety. On account of its great rarity, I recently bought three bulbs (snob!). They cost me, if not "the earth," at any rate a considerable chunk of it. And I got my deserts. The flowers, I think, are quite hideous. They look as though someone had made a shuttlecock with white feathers, and stuck in as many as the cork

NAKED LADIES.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

warhead would hold. They are entirely without grace or beauty of outline or form. The pity is that they remain in flower much longer than the singles. Mine have been out for three or four weeks. The greatest virtue or asset of this double white is its extreme rarity. Long may it remain rare. I shall endure mine for a while, and then send them back where they deserve—into commerce—in exchange for something really beautiful. I am not one of those who detest all double flowers on theory and principle. Double roses, double carnations, pinks, hepaticas, and many others are my friends. But flowers which suggest to me the cheaper millinery

in the cheaper shops in the cheaper streets of some large, dreary town—I can only wish them back in the market-place. There are some fifty or sixty known species of *Colchicum*, all of which are worth garden room—if you can get hold of them. I would never refuse bulbs of any *Colchicum*, but, on the other hand, there are relatively few that I would pursue with enthusiasm.

One can always find room for them in rough grass or in the forefront of shrub borders. In placing them, however, it should be remembered that charming though they look when flowering in autumn, welcoming the very weather that overwhelms the dahlias with slimy black death, they throw up quantities of lush and often rather embarrassing leaves in spring. Avoid planting them where these great clumps of rather loutish, cabbagey leaves would overwhelm daintier, prettier plants. Grass that is not too coarse and rank is the ideal place for almost any of them. The finest of all *Colchicums* is *Colchicum speciosum*. Its flowers stand almost 1 ft. high, like mauve tulips of most perfect goblet form. It is easy to grow, and, increasing steadily, may be lifted and divided from time to time. There is a variety called *C. s. rubrum*, with flowers of a much darker tone of colour, getting on towards crimson. But finest of all is the white *C. speciosum album*. About fifty years ago the great nursery firm of Backhouse of York bought the entire stock of this glorious plant from a Dutch bulb grower on whose nursery it had cropped up. I was working as a pupil at Backhouse's nursery at the time, and to this day I remember with horror a dreadful happening. The foreman and I went out one morning with forks, to dig up the precious bulbs for replanting. Clumsily, pupil-like, I stuck my fork clean through one great fat bulb. About ten guineas' worth. I felt as though

I had impaled a baby. The foreman was very nice about it, and the *Colchicum* probably recovered from the injury. But it left a lifelong scar on my memory.

When I migrated from the threat of seven-storey blocks of flats on top of the bluebells at Stevenage, I came to the Cotswolds with a fleet of lorries of shrubs and plants and stone trough-gardens, etc., but to my regret *Colchicum speciosum* and *speciosum album* were among the treasures that got overlooked and left behind. And now, instead of filling the gap in the obvious way, I have landed myself with that double white horror. Surely I must be slipping. In slight compensation for this, however, I did find growing in my new old garden a good colony of what I take to be *Colchicum parkinsonii*. But so mixed up are the names and identities of *Colchicum* species, and so difficult to sort out, that it may be *C. variegatum*, *C. agrippinum* or *C. tessellatum*. No matter. I call it *parkinsonii*; though *tessellatum* would fit it well, for the flowers are chequered or tessellated, like the bells of the Snakeshead Fritillary, in paler and darker mauve. A most pleasant old-worldish thing to have about. As good as gold and no trouble, it-flowers faithfully and regularly every September.

A *Colchicum* which I collected years ago, grew for a while and lost, was *C. alpinum*. I found it in leaf one summer just outside the alpine village of Val d'Isère, and brought home a nice hoard of bulbs, which lived long enough to flower and charm me with their small, fairy-like, pink-mauve blossoms. Then it apparently took a dislike to me, or my soil, or my methods—and passed out. I think it must be difficult to cultivate, not because I failed with it, but because a plant of such charm and beauty would otherwise surely have found a permanent place among keen gardeners.

Val d'Isère has changed since I was last there. It has become a popular winter sports resort, and probably the ground where I found *Colchicum alpinum* now supports some vast Ritzy hotel, just as the Stevenage bluebells support a seven-storey block of flats. A lover of Stevenage—the old and charming Stevenage—referred in a letter to the "Stevenage Bedevilment Corporation." Can it, I wonder, have been a slip of the pen?



"A BEVY OF NAKED LADIES": A GROUP OF COLCHICUMS—"MEADOW SAFFRON, AUTUMN CROCUS, SON BEFORE THE FATHER"—IN FULL FLOWER AND OPEN TO THE AUTUMN SUNLIGHT.

Photograph by J. E. Downward.



"THE FINEST OF ALL IS THE WHITE COLCHICUM SPECIOSUM ALBUM," WHICH STANDS "ALMOST A FOOT HIGH, LIKE . . . TULIPS OF MOST PERFECT FORM."

Photograph by D. F. Merrett.

"AN IDEAL GIFT."

NEXT year will be historic in that it will see the Coronation of her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II., and The Illustrated London News will be recording the event in two Double Numbers worthy of the beautifully produced records of the three previous Coronations. This suggests that the ideal gift for Christmas, particularly for friends overseas, would be a year's subscription to The Illustrated London News.

Every week the current copy will arrive and provide an hour of enjoyment and interest and, with its appearance, will come a happy and agreeable remembrance of the friend who has sent it. Orders for subscriptions for The Illustrated London News to be sent overseas may be handed to any good-class newsagent or bookstall or sent direct to The Subscription Department, "The Illustrated London News," Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and should include the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent and the price of the subscription. Canada, £5 14s.; elsewhere abroad, £5 18s. 6d. (To include the Christmas Number.) Friends at home will naturally be equally appreciative of such a gift, and in that case the year's subscription is £5 16s. 6d. (To include the Christmas Number.)

IN 1953—CORONATION YEAR—ALL POSTAL SUBSCRIBERS WILL RECEIVE THE TWO CORONATION DOUBLE NUMBERS AT NO EXTRA COST.



RUSHING DOWN THE CENTRAL SPILLWAY: THE TORRENT OF WATER RELEASED FROM THE NEW RESERVOIR AFTER HER MAJESTY HAD PERFORMED THE OPENING CEREMONY.

H.M. THE QUEEN OPENS THE CLAERWEN DAM: A CEREMONY WHICH COMPLETES A GREAT SCHEME INAUGURATED BY HER GREAT-GRANDFATHER, KING EDWARD VII., HALF A CENTURY AGO.

The Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, on October 23 drove from Llandrindod Wells through Builth Wells and Rhyader to inaugurate the Claerwen Dam (illustrated in our issue of October 18), which doubles Birmingham's water supply. In consequence of the explosion at Fron Aqueduct on October 19, stringent security measures were in force; but nothing could have exceeded the warmth of the reception accorded to her Majesty. Shepherds and hill-farmers from four counties had ridden to see the Queen, and with a characteristically

MAKING AN UNSCHEDULED HALT ON HER WAY TO LUNCH: H.M. THE QUEEN PAUSING TO SPEAK TO SOME OF THE SHEPHERDS AND HILL-FARMERS WHO RODE OVER TO SEE HER.



LEAVING THE VALVE HOUSE, AFTER WALKING DOWN INSIDE THE DAM: THE QUEEN AND THE LORD MAYOR OF BIRMINGHAM, FOLLOWED BY THE DUKE AND THE LADY MAYORESS.

gracious gesture, she paused on her way to lunch to speak to them. In her speech the Queen remarked that the opening of the new reservoir marked the completion of water undertakings inaugurated fifty years ago by her great-grandfather, Edward VII. On arrival, the Royal party walked to the western end of the parapet, then entered the gallery within the dam and descended the steps. A vociferous welcome greeted her Majesty when she emerged from the valve house; and again when she stepped on to the bridge.

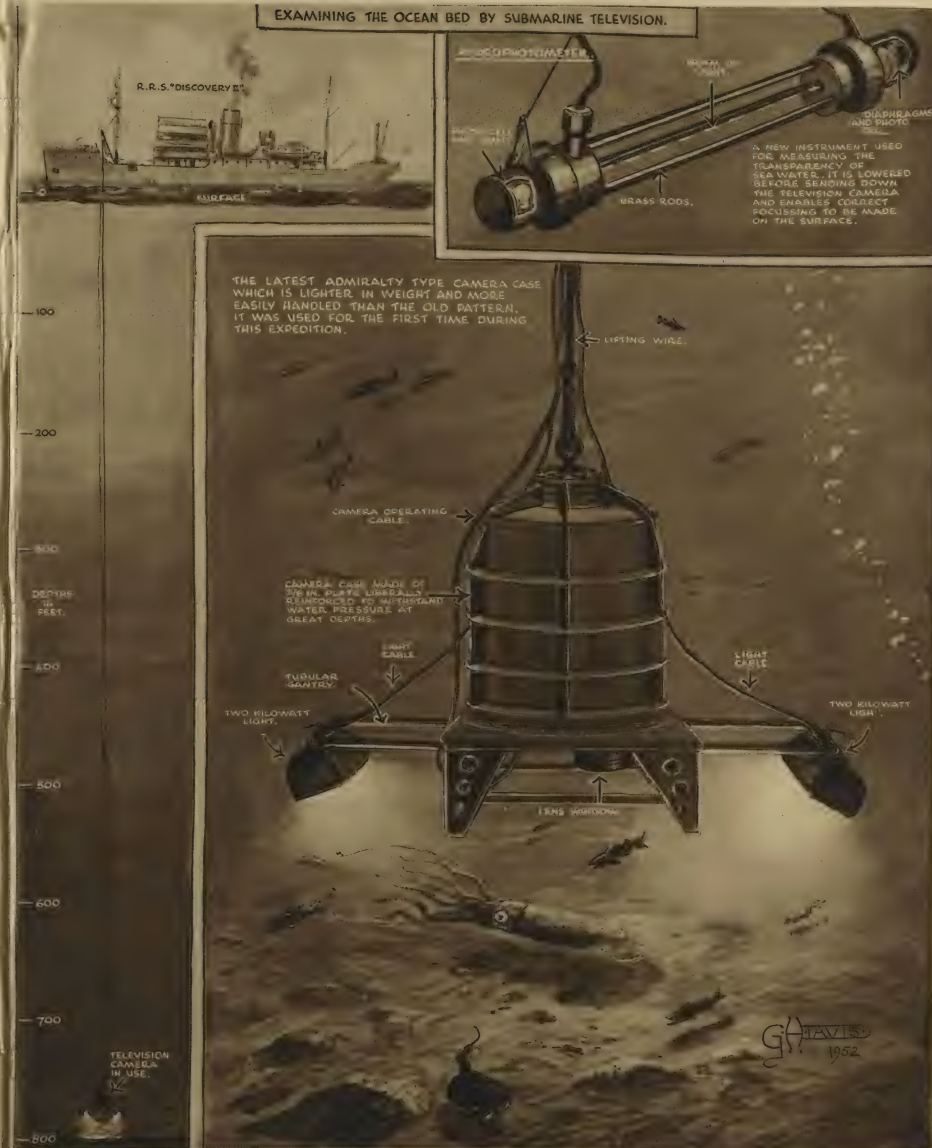


PROBING THE SECRETS OF THE SEA BY TELEVISION, AND OTHER METHODS OF MARINE RESEARCH:

The work of the National Institute of Oceanography is well known and its expeditions in its two vessels, the Royal Research ships *Discovery II*, and *William Scoresby*, have brought back much information of great value to scientists. On the physical side records and measurements have been made of ocean waves, the exchange of energy between sea and atmosphere, and electrical and magnetic effects in the sea, while on the biological side much research has been conducted into the fauna of the oceans. This year's expedition left England on August 16 in the *Discovery II*, under Dr. N. A. Mackintosh, C.B.E., the senior Principal Scientific Officer, with the main purpose of

testing the latest type of submarine television apparatus and new experimental methods for taking squid and deep-water fishes. The ship proceeded from Plymouth across the Bay of Biscay and along the Portuguese coast to the Azores, and returned to this country on September 11. Subsequently the ship put to sea again for further scientific work in home waters. New methods of catching squid have had to be devised as experience has shown that the hooks previously employed had a tendency to "pull out" and valuable specimens were lost. The study of squid is a feature of the work undertaken, for the smaller variety forms an important item in the sperm whale's

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, WITH THE



AN EXPLANATION OF THE EQUIPMENT USED DURING THE DISCOVERY II, EXPEDITION THIS YEAR.

diet, and that of certain types of seal which have a commercial value. The latest type of television camera and watertight casing were taken on the expedition and tested for the first time. The casing was designed by the Admiralty Research Laboratory at Teddington, and is smaller, lighter and more easily handled than that formerly used, which was built up from 1-in. plating and weighed 17 cwt. The new casing is made of 1-in. plating, and though reinforced to withstand deep-water pressure, weighs only 8 cwt. It is fitted to a tubular gantry which carries two powerful submarine lights. The camera practically fills the 3 ft. by 2 ft. casing and can be focused and

controlled from the surface by means of remote control equipment. It can be operated at depths greater than 1000 ft. During the expedition television was found to be especially valuable for determining the nature of the sea-bed, and good views were obtained of shoals of fishes. The hydrophotometer was also given its initial tests in deep water. This instrument enables the television camera operators to obtain information about the density of the water at the level at which the camera is to work. It is lowered to the appropriate depth, where its beam of light and photo-electric cells measure the density which is recorded on apparatus in the ship above.

CO-OPERATION OF THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF OCEANOGRAPHY.

ADDITIONS TO THE TOWER COLLECTIONS: JOUSTING AND DEFENCE ARMOUR.



PROBABLY MADE AT INNSBRUCK C. 1500: A CLOSE HELMET OF THE FIRST QUALITY, FOR THE JOUST. THE CLOSE HELMET IN ITS FINEST FORM, C. 1540, WAS, WITH ITS MOVABLE VISOR, THE BEST POSSIBLE DEFENCE FOR THE HEAD.



FORMERLY IN THE COLLECTION OF THE DUKE OF RATISBON: A LONG-TAILED GERMAN SALLET, C. 1480. WORN VERY LOOSELY ON THE HEAD, IT HAD THE DRAWBACK OF BEING EASILY DISPLACED.



PREVIOUSLY OWNED BY THE CROWN PRINCE RUPPRECHT OF BAVARIA: A BASCINET, THE HELMET OF THE LATE FOURTEENTH CENTURY—FROISSART'S TIME. A PRACTICAL FORM OF HEAD DEFENCE, OWING TO ITS "GLANCING SURFACE," TO DEFLECT BLOWS.



AN IMPORTANT ITEM IN THE GROUP OF ACQUISITIONS FOR THE ARMOURIES OF THE TOWER OF LONDON: A SUIT OF GOTHIC ARMOUR FROM CHURBURG, THE UNIQUE HOARD OF FAMILY ARMOUR IN THE SOUTH TYROL, WHICH WILL GREATLY STRENGTHEN THE MEDIAEVAL SIDE OF THE COLLECTION.



SEEN WITHOUT THE ADDITIONS OF HEAVY LEATHER SHIELD AND ARMPLATE FOR THE LANCE, WITH WHICH IT IS SHOWN IN THE PHOTOGRAPH ON THE RIGHT: JOUSTING ARMOUR MADE FOR THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN.



WITH THE HEAVY LEATHER SHIELD AND ARMPLATE FOR THE LANCE: JOUSTING ARMOUR—ONE OF A SERIES MADE FOR THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN AT INNSBRUCK, C. 1500. THIS IS THE MOST IMPRESSIVE ITEM IN THE IMPORTANT NEW ADDITIONS PURCHASED FOR THE ARMOURIES OF THE TOWER OF LONDON.



STILL COMPLETE WITH THE ORIGINAL LINING OF CHAMOIS LEATHER: A BEAUTIFULLY ETCHED HELMET, GORGET AND CUIRASS. GERMAN, DATING FROM 1560.

THE national collection at the Armouries of the Tower of London has been greatly strengthened by important acquisitions obtained through the dispersal of the collection of armour of the late William Randolph Hearst, housed at St. Donat's Castle, Glamorganshire. Fifty-two items have been purchased, and these, the most important acquisition in modern times, will fill gaps in the collection. The purchase has been made with the assistance of the Pilgrim Trust and the National Art-Collections Fund, which contributed respectively £8500 and £7500 to the entire cost of £30,000, which was made up by £7000 from the Tower Armouries Fund and £7000 from a Special Exchequer Grant. The Ministry of Works has expressed gratitude for this generous help; and also to Sir James Mann, Master of the Armouries, for successfully arranging and carrying through the transaction. The most impressive item is the jousting armour, one of

[Continued opposite.]

[Continued.] a series made for the Court of the Emperor Maximilian I. ("the last of the Knights"), whose armourer Seusenhofer is said to have invented the fluted armour known as "Maximilian" worn in the early part of the sixteenth century. It was made at Innsbruck c. 1500, and was formerly in the Imperial Armoury, Vienna, from which Mr. Hearst obtained it. We give photographs of it, with the additions of the heavy leather shield and the armplate for the lance; and also without these items. The suit of Gothic armour from Churburg is only second in importance to the Maximilian armour. It came from a great hoard of family armour in the South Tyrol. Other pieces come from dynastic collections, including those of the Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria, the King of Saxony, and the unique collection of Count Erbach, formed in the late eighteenth century—one of the first of its kind.

WORN BY PRINCES AND EMPERORS: ARMOUR ACQUIRED FOR THE NATION.

ON this and the facing page we illustrate items from the important addition made to the Tower of London Armouries by the purchase from the collection of the late William Randolph Hearst of complete armours, and half-armours, helmets, swords and firearms. Many of the pieces are richly engraved and gilt, and thus the public will be able to see the armour of emperors and princes in its pristine magnificence. We illustrate on the facing page the jousting armour made for the Emperor Maximilian I. at Innsbruck c. 1500. It is also shown on this page to give a front view of it with the leather shield and armplate for the lance. On the stand below it may be seen part of a horse-armour. A number of the new items form part of exhibits already in the nation's possession. For example, the Wallace Collection has for many years possessed the saddle belonging to a finely engraved armour of 1549, now acquired from the Hearst collection.

(RIGHT.)
RECENTLY ACQUIRED FOR THE TOWER OF LONDON: TILTING ARMOUR, MADE AT INNSBRUCK, 1500; ETCHED ARMOUR (GERMAN), 1549; JOUSTING ARMOUR MADE FOR MAXIMILIAN I., c. 1500, WITH THE LEATHER SHIELD AND ARMPATE FOR THE LANCE (ALSO ILLUSTRATED ON THE FACING PAGE); AND TILTING ARMOUR MADE FOR THE COURT OF THE DUKE OF SAXONY, 1580. (L. TO R.)



AN AUSTRIAN SHIRT OF MAIL, WITH AVENTAIL (THE FLAP OR ADJUSTABLE PART OF THE HOOD OF MAIL), 1350; ETCHED AND GILDED GERMAN ARMOUR, AUGSBURG, 1560; BLACK AND WHITE HORSEMAN'S ARMOUR FROM THE COUNT ERBACH COLLECTION, c. 1515; AND A FLUTED CUIRASS DATED 1612, BACK PLATE WITH ARMS OF IMHOF OF NUREMBERG. (L. TO R.)



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. FOUR-FIFTHS EARLY VICTORIAN.

By FRANK DAVIS.

started with a visit paid to a Vienna exhibition in 1845 by a M. Peligot, the representative of the Paris Chamber of Commerce. There he saw a stand in which Signor Bigaglia of Venice showed a number of "millefiori paper-weights of transparent glass in which are inserted quantities of small tubes of all colours and forms assembled so as to look like a multitude of

and pattern, far too many to reproduce here, but perhaps Fig. 1 will serve as an example of another type which I am sure would have delighted Palissy as it has charmed everyone down to the present day—an apple and four cherries set on bright green leaves in a white *laticino* basket. You will note as near as possible an exact imitation of nature—almost

TWO letters have just arrived by the same post, one from Australia about a Sèvres flower-holder I was able to identify for the owner a few months ago; and mentioning also some glass paper-weights which had found their way into the same collection; the other from the United States, describing a few pieces of "white painted porcelain" which, it is clear from the context, are not porcelain at all, but opaque glass. No photographs are enclosed in either case, so I will take a chance. My correspondents appear to own something resembling these illustrations: if my guess is incorrect, they will no doubt forgive me.

For some inexplicable reason glass paper-weights have achieved extraordinary popularity, and happy the man or woman who has found one or two of the rarer kind of these early Victorian (or, to be more accurate, Louis-Philippe) confections hidden away in grandmother's writing-desk—and the more odd they are, the better the price. Some were illustrated in colour in *The Illustrated London News* recently, including one which changed hands for £1300 and another for £1200 at Sotheby's on July 1. The former showed a salamander curled up on a mottled green-and-yellow ground, the latter four pink caterpillars on a green leaf resting on a blue ground. Curiosities, you will say, rather than works of art, and you will be right; but a similar judgment could well be passed on many other things made before or since which are also held in high esteem. In fact, these peculiar oddities from the France of the 1840's have a most respectable—no, a most distinguished—ancestry, I don't remember having seen the resemblance noted previously. They are the notions of the great, the famous Bernard Palissy, one of the pioneers of the French ceramic industry, translated from earthenware into glass.

It is most interesting to notice how the sixteenth-century Palissy discarded the usual Renaissance ideas of formal decoration and instead adopted what came to be known as his "style rustique," in which all sorts of natural objects—plants, flowers, lizards, etc.—were moulded in relief on his plates and dishes. These paper-weight makers had exactly the same idea nearly 300 years later, and possibly for the same reason—first, a reaction from the prevailing mode, and a delight in exact imitations of nature—almost castings from nature. Nor was this particular taste confined to France. The contemporaries of Palissy were uncommonly close to their worthy descendants in the time of Louis-Philippe in their liking for imitation reptiles and so forth; in the same way, I hold that the subjects of Queen Elizabeth I. were at heart early Victorians—they would have been fascinated by wax fruit if anyone had thought of it, and by these glass paper-weights no less.

It seems that the manufacture of glass paper-weights in France

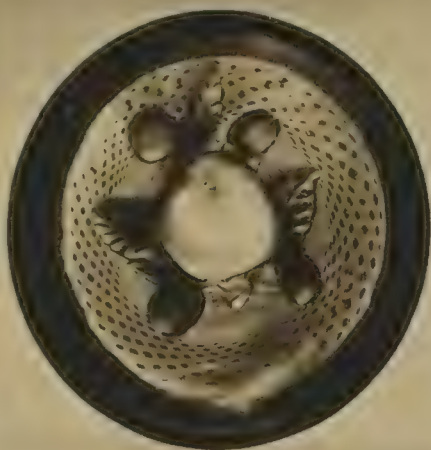


FIG. 1. A RARE ST. LOUIS GLASS PAPER-WEIGHT: UNDER THE GLASS DOME ARE AN APPLE AND FOUR CHERRIES IN A LATTICINO BASKET.

Frank Davis feels that this rare St. Louis glass paper-weight "would have delighted Palissy as it has charmed everyone down to the present day."



FIG. 2. AN EXAMPLE OF A CLICHY OVERLAY PAPER-WEIGHT: IN TURQUOISE-BLUE WITH FIVE APERTURES REVEALING A BASKET OF FLOWERS.

Overlay weights, of which a fine example is here illustrated, are rare. Some Clichy weights are signed with a capital "C" in black, green or red in the centre of a cane; but few are dated.



FIG. 3. MADE AT ST. LOUIS: A MILLEFIORE GLASS PAPER-WEIGHT IN PINK, BLUE, GREEN AND RED.

The millefiori paper-weights are of transparent glass in which are inserted quantities of small tubes of all colours and forms, assembled to look like a multitude of florets.

florets." Forthwith the French factories followed suit, first St. Louis, then Baccarat, and soon afterwards, Clichy. Here in Fig. 3 is a St. Louis millefiori example.

Rather oddly, the revolution of 1848, which scared the wits out of all Europe, actually stimulated the demand for small decorative objects of this character. Very expensive things like glass chandeliers were nearly unsaleable, but there was a ready market for pretty novelties at a cheap price, especially when the republican colours of red, white and blue could be so easily incorporated in them. The workman was pleased to make them, because they symbolised the millennium, and the buyer liked them because they reminded him that he too was a democrat. There are innumerable permutations and combinations of colour



FIG. 4. ILLUSTRATING HOW THE PAPER-WEIGHT IDEA WAS EXTENDED TO OTHER OBJECTS: A SCENT-BOTTLE FROM CLICHY.

This scent-bottle has a rose enclosed by a ring of white florets in the base, and an outer ring of pink and green canes in a turquoise ground; and a stopper with a millefiori design contained in a basket.



FIG. 5. ENAMELLED WITH SPRIGS OF ROSES AND SINGLE LEAVES: AN OPAQUE WHITE BOTTLE, c. 1768, PROBABLY BRISTOL.

The derivation of this glass bottle is obviously Chinese, the decoration as obviously English. Bristol pieces of this sort have "an uncommon distinction."

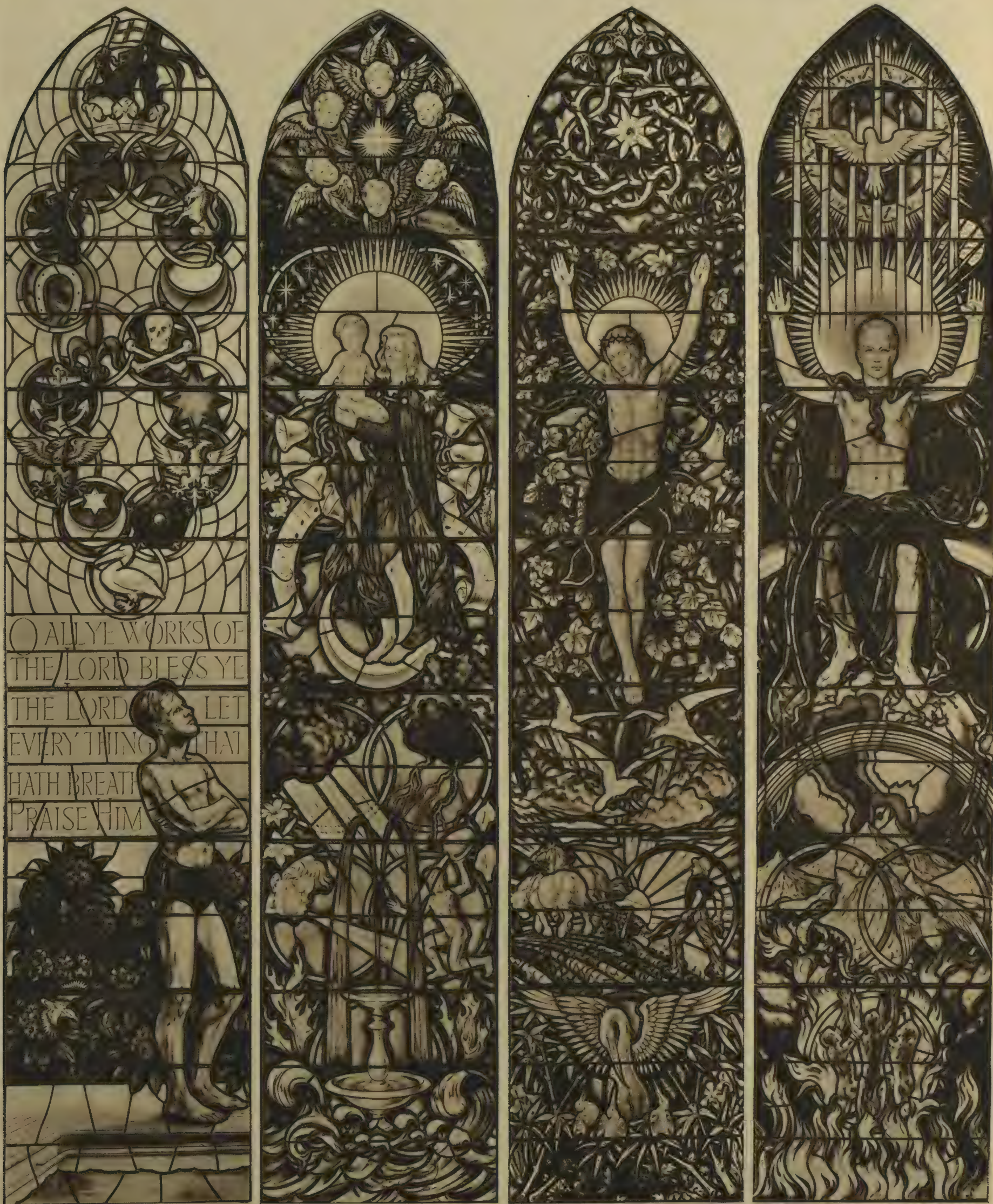
Illustrations by courtesy of Sotheby's.

a casting. A third type is illustrated in Fig. 2—a Clichy piece, with an overlay of white-lined turquoise glass with five apertures cut in it, four at the side and one at the top, through which can be seen a white cane basket containing a bouquet of florets. Finally, to show how the paper-weight idea was extended to other objects, here is a scent-bottle, also from Clichy, with a rose enclosed by a ring of white florets in the base and an outer ring of pink and green canes in a turquoise ground, the rim with a blue-and-white twisted ribbon, and the stopper with a millefiori design contained in a blue-and-white striped basket (Fig. 4).

So much for paper-weights—an out-of-the-way subject on which two books can be recommended—first, "French Crystal Paper-weights," by MM. Imbert and Amic (Art et Industrie, 1948)—French with an English translation; and "Old Glass Paper-weights," by Mrs. Bergstrom (Faber and Faber). The other query I wish to answer—that about the so-called "white porcelain"—can perhaps be best dealt with if you look first at Fig. 5. The photograph cannot show the difference between porcelain and opaque glass and, in actual fact, the latter, when seen at a distance, can easily be mistaken for porcelain—was in truth made to imitate it. There is a bottle rather like this, though not so graceful, on the desk as I write, which, when seen in the back of a local shop through the window, looked uncommonly like a piece of Vienna porcelain. Close up it was obviously glass, I think Prussian of the 1750's, with bouquets of flowers painted on in imitation of Dresden. I asked the proprietor what it was, and he said: "Oh, that! Some sort of pot." When I asked the price, I found it was 12s. 6d., so I enquired no further—nor would you. Fig. 5 is a very elegant example of probably the 1760's, and, like others of equal quality, is thought to have been made at Bristol. The derivation is obviously Chinese,

the decoration—roses, hyacinths, tulips and single leaves—as obviously English. While the fashion for opaque glass was clearly due to the current vogue for porcelain, its popularity was encouraged by a rather odd circumstance. Whereas clear glass was subject to an Excise duty by weight, which made manufacturers devise lighter types of glasses, etc., opaque glass ("enamel glass" was the term used at the time) was not specifically mentioned in the Excise Act, and so escaped the duty. The things would no doubt have been made in any case, but I dare say the omission provided greater market opportunities. Certainly Bristol pieces of this sort have an uncommon distinction, though whether all those ascribed to Bristol were actually both made and painted there is another matter—it is thought that many were painted in independent workshops, like so much of the porcelain.

CENTENARY STAINED-GLASS WINDOWS FOR WELLINGTON COLLEGE CHAPEL.



TO BE DEDICATED TO-MORROW (NOVEMBER 2) IN THE PRESENCE OF QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER: FOUR OF THE FIVE NEW EAST WINDOWS OF WELLINGTON COLLEGE CHAPEL. THIS DEDICATION IS ONE OF THE CEREMONIES MARKING THE CENTENARY OF THE DEATH OF THE GREAT DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

Wellington College—a series of drawings of which appeared in our issue of September 20, 1952—is this year celebrating the centenary of the death of the first Duke of Wellington, in whose memory the College was founded. Among other ceremonies marking the centenary is the dedication on November 2 of a series of five new east windows in the College Chapel. These are the work of the well-known stained-glass artist, Mr. Hugh Easton. We show all but the most southerly of the group. The general theme is *Benedicite Omnia Opera*, and from left to right (or north to south) the windows show:—(1) (Above) the crests of the

college, dormitories and houses; (below) a boy beside the swimming-pool with a background of rhododendrons. (2) Predominantly blue and showing the Virgin and Child, surrounded by symbols of the elements. (3) Predominantly green, with Christ crucified, with living things as a background. (4) Predominantly red, Christ in majesty, on a rainbow, with the eternal hills, flames and earth, sun and moon. (5)—Not reproduced here—shows three aspiring winged boys, with, above, the spires of the heavenly city, and, below, a view of Wellington College, three boys hurdling and the College motto, "*Heroum Filii*" (The Sons of Heroes).



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



BATS IN THE HAIR.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

WHILE staying in Sussex a few years ago, I came across a municipal rubbish-tip which at dusk became the happy hunting-ground of more than fifty greater horseshoe bats, and a slightly smaller number of the lesser horseshoe. It was a novel experience, after having walked up the ramp of wooden sleepers on to the plateau of the rubbish heap, to have the bats wheeling and weaving above one's head, 6 ft. to 25 ft. from the ground. Most of the time the bats were fairly evenly spread out over a radius of some 50 yards, but occasionally they would swirl for a few moments into a tight, seething mass. On successive evenings my family, including my wife and daughter, came with me; but several other ladies, invited to join us, declined; indeed, would not come near the spot. Their reason was a fear that the bats "might get into our hair." Needless to say, no such mishap occurred to our party, and, for that matter, on no occasion did either of us feel the need to duck, even when a bat circled over our heads. It always kept a foot or so away and in a very short time we all became fully accustomed to having them fly so close.

If there has ever occurred an instance, in this country, of a bat getting into someone's hair, I have not heard of it. I have known several women, country-born and bred, as they say, who were somewhat scared of going out after dark for this reason. And these same women would be reduced to something akin to panic at the mere prospect of a bat coming into the house. I have also known many cases of a bat flying into a room, and especially into an upstairs room in summer when the light was on and the window open, and scaring the occupant nearly out of her wits. But again I have never known any

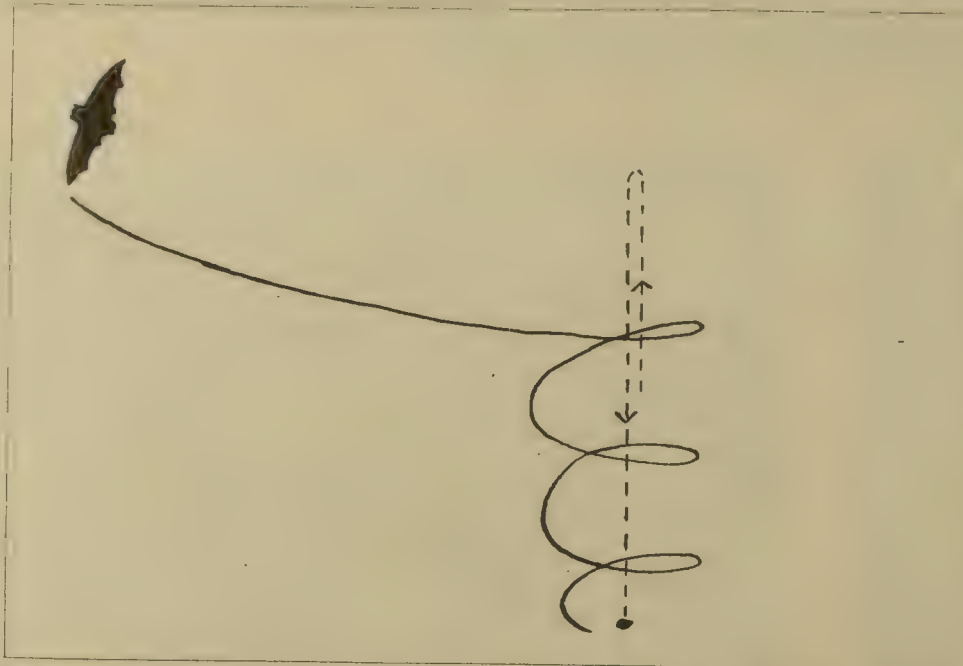
Before going further, however, it may be as well to be quite clear on what is known about the bat's ability to find its way in the dark.

Contrary to what we are normally led to believe in the popular accounts, this faculty is not a kind of radar at all, but echo-location. A bat in flight gives out a series of high-frequency notes, mostly outside the range of human hearing. These strike the surfaces of solid objects and are reflected back, the time for return of the echoes depending upon the distance of the objects from the head of the bat. If it is close

seen in the wild. Long-eared bats, for example, can often be seen hovering on rapidly-beating wings to pick insects off leaves, twigs or a wall, and the whole appearance of its hunting is that something other than sight is being used, at least for the avoidance of obstacles.

If bats have such efficient means of rapidly locating and avoiding obstacles as fine as thin wires, twigs, leaves and the like, there should be little chance of collision with an object as large as a human head, even if it is covered with projecting hair. It seems even less probable since the sight, while variable from one species to another, is never as defective as the old saying "blind as a bat" would suggest. In addition, there is good reason to believe that the wing-membranes have a sense of touch at a distance, and that through them a bat can appreciate the presence of a solid object at a few inches distance.

There may be several possible foundations for the ancient belief that bats "get into the hair." To begin with, in spite of sight, touch and echo-location, there are occasional records of a bat, for no obvious reason, crashing into a solid object with or without fatal consequences. It may therefore be correct but of very rare occurrence. It may be, of course, that in the days of absurdly high wigs, bats more commonly approached, even if they did not become entangled in, the hair. It is even a possibility that these wigs may have contained insects, such as moths, to attract the hawking bats, like the long-eared or the whiskered bat. There is at least one report of a mouse having nested and successfully brought off a litter in one. One final suggestion, put forward with hesitation, is that it may have come from another part of the world altogether. The fruit-eating bats of Asia and



SHOWING THAT ECHO-LOCATION MAY BE USED FOR THE GROSS DETECTION OF THE PREY, BUT THAT SMELL OR SIGHT ARE USED AT CLOSE QUARTERS: THE COURSE TAKEN BY A GREATER HORSESHOE BAT IN SWOOPING ON A PEBBLE.

The pebble was thrown up after the bat had passed. As it began to fall, the bat, from 6 ft. away, swooped in a spiral to intercept it a few inches from the ground. At that point the bat took no further interest in the pebble, but a falling beetle was snapped up. Evidently echo-location is used for the gross detection, but smell or sight are used at close quarters.



CLEARLY SHOWING THE TRAGUS, OR EARLET, AT THE BASE OF THE EAR, WHOSE FUNCTION IS UNKNOWN BUT WHICH MAY BE USED FOR DIRECTIONAL ECHO-LOCATION: A FLASHLIGHT PHOTOGRAPH OF A SEROTINE BAT HANGING FROM A WOODEN BRACKET.

untoward result. Yet this belief is very deeply rooted, and has been so for long enough to justify calling it a legend. Or is this where I begin to run into trouble? A few years ago I stated it was untrue that earwigs derived their name from a habit of creeping into ears. The number of letters received from readers giving circumstantial accounts of having had an earwig in the ear convinced me that I was mistaken. Finally, a doctor kindly sent me a list of references to medical journals citing cases treated for earwig in the ear. Yet, when I made this ill-timed assertion, I was doing no more than expressing the view held generally by the professional entomologist.

Perhaps I am on more sure ground in doubting that bats should "get into the hair," for, after all, it is an earwig's habit to creep into narrow crevices away from the light. But how exactly do bats "get into the hair"? Do they become entangled by the wings, or does a bat engage the hair in its claws? Whichever it is, the blunder must be unusual, for as is well known, bats are able to avoid collision with solid objects, even those as fine as the human hair.

ahead of the bat, the reflected notes come back quickly, and the animal takes the necessary evading action. If it is far away, then there is no need for such action. However, this simple explanation is not the whole story, and we are a very long way from understanding everything about it. Presumably the high-frequency notes radiate in all directions, and their reflections (the echoes) come back from all directions at different time intervals. Up to a point, therefore,

the bat's brain would receive an impression, a kind of sound-picture, of its surroundings.

Another point on which we should be clear is that the use of echo-location has been scientifically established in one species mainly, the little brown bat of North America. In most others, it is merely assumed from the behaviour whether or not a particular species uses this faculty. For example, it is a common observation that several species of our native bats will fly through the thick foliage of trees without colliding with the leaves. Presumably, therefore, they are using a similar method to that first discovered and tested in the little brown bat by Griffin and Galambos in 1941.

Such a faculty has been suspected for a long time, but it was the invention of radar that made the discovery of the precise method possible. Even in the eighteenth century Spallanzani had sought to prove that bats did not avoid obstacles by sight alone, when he released a blinded bat in a room filled with obstructions. Hartridge, in this country in 1920, made similar observations, this time using uninjured bats in a light-proof room. Similar performances can be



REVEALING SHARP TEETH PARTICULARLY SUITED TO CATCHING INSECTS AND CHEWING THE HARD CASINGS TO THEIR BODIES: A YOUNG SEROTINE BAT SHOWING DEFIANCE WHEN FACED BY A POTENTIAL ENEMY IN SPITE OF ITS SMALL SIZE AND SOMNOLENT NATURE.

Africa probably use no echo-location, or have it far less well developed. These could, then, more readily blunder in the dark. It would not be the first belief that had been imported and which was true for a species of animal in its country of origin, but not for related species in the country to which it was carried.

There may be, however, another explanation. For the effective working of the echo-location, a delicate synchronisation between voice and ear is necessary. When the sound is emitted the ear is closed, and opened again in time to catch the echo. So there is a co-ordinated make-and-break, in which the sound given off and its reflection received back alternate. Then there is a subsidiary mechanism, the function of which can only be guessed. Some insectivorous bats have a small earlet, others have nose-leaves, and these are believed to have a directional function. Delicately-poised sensory mechanisms such as these could be readily affected by fatigue, age, ill-health and other such factors, and this may account for the occasional bat crashing instead of skilfully avoiding an obstacle.

NEWS ITEMS FROM FAR AND NEAR: A PICTORIAL MISCELLANY.



DWARFING TWO FULL-SIZED CARS PLACED UNDER THE COCKPIT: THE WORLD'S LARGEST HELICOPTER, THE U.S.A.F.'S XH-17, WHICH WAS TESTED RECENTLY.

The world's largest helicopter, the XH-17, a heavy-duty, jet-driven helicopter, took off on its test flight at Culver City, California, on October 23. It has been developed by the experimental department of the Hughes Aircraft Company for the United States Air Force. It is reported that the overall height of the machine is more than 30 ft. and that its rotor blades extend more than 125 ft. from tip to tip. It is expected to be the forerunner of powerful cargo-carrying helicopters designed to lift and deliver artillery, bridge sections and trucks.



"A MASKED BALL," THE NEW PRODUCTION OF VERDI'S "UN BALLA IN MASCHERA" AT COVENT GARDEN: THE BALLROOM SCENE, WITH THE DYING KING (EDGAR EVANS; CENTRE). Our photograph shows the dying King Gustavus III. (Edgar Evans) supported by Oscar (Adele Leigh) with his assassin Anckarstroem (Jess Walters; left) and Amalia (Helene Werth; right) in the last scene of "A Masked Ball." Mme. Werth sang Amalia on the opening night; but was taken ill with throat infection; and Constantina Araujo, the Brazilian soprano, flew from Milan at seventeen hours' notice to take the rôle. It was her London début; and she was asked if she could again sing the part on Thursday, October 30.



THE MINE WHICH DRIFTED AGAINST THE WEST PIER, BRIGHTON: A NAVAL PARTY HAULING THE 500-POUND MINE UP THE BEACH BEFORE DEFUSING IT.

On October 26 a mine containing 500 lb. of explosive drifted between the girders of the West Pier at Brighton. Police roped off 300 yards of the promenade and sea-front. Eventually it was washed up on the beach between West Pier and Palace Pier, where it was rendered harmless by a naval party from the Bomb and Mine Disposal Squad, H.M.S. *Vernon*, Portsmouth. If the mooring-chain attached to the mine had been caught in the pier the mine would probably have exploded.



VAPORISED EXCEPT FOR SOME RED-HOT FRAGMENTS SCATTERED OVER ONE OF THE ISLANDS: THE FRIGATE *PLYM*, IN WHICH THE BRITISH ATOMIC WEAPON WAS PLACED.

When the Prime Minister, Mr. Churchill, gave details of the British test of an atomic weapon in the Monte Bello Islands, in the House of Commons on October 23, he said that the object of the test was to investigate the effects of an atomic explosion in a harbour. The weapon was accordingly placed in H.M.S. *Plym*, a frigate of 1450 tons, which was anchored in the Monte Bello Islands. When the weapon was exploded, H.M.S. *Plym* was vaporised.



AT THE ALAMEIN REUNION: (L. TO R.) FIELD MARSHAL EARL ALEXANDER, MRS. CHURCHILL, MR. CHURCHILL, FIELD MARSHAL VISCOUNT MONTGOMERY, GENERAL AND MRS. RIDGWAY. Mr. Churchill was given an ovation when he attended the reunion in celebration of the tenth anniversary of the Battle of Alamein, in the Empress Hall, Earl's Court, London, on October 24. The audience of 8500 included the wives and sweethearts of many of the desert veterans. Loud applause greeted a speech from General Ridgway, Supreme Allied Commander in Europe, when he referred to Mr. Churchill as "that symbol of dogged British courage and superb leadership."



NEARLY 1 P.M.: THE SCENE AT THE ROYAL OBSERVATORY, GREENWICH, ON OCTOBER 26, WHEN THE PRACTICE OF DROPPING THE TIME BALL WAS RESUMED.

The practice of dropping the Time Ball, symbol of Greenwich time, was resumed at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, on October 26. The ball is now dropped each day at 1 p.m. The Time Ball, which is a dull red sphere measuring 5 ft. in diameter, is part of the Wren Observatory building, and was erected for the purpose of enabling masters of vessels proceeding down the Thames to adjust their chronometers. The ball was operated continuously from 1833 until the Observatory was evacuated during World War II.

THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

OVERSTATEMENT AND UNDERSTATEMENT.

By ALAN DENT.

WHEN the film-critics of London invited Charlie Chaplin to lunch the other day, this one was duly presented, and told the great comedian, after a handshake and a word or two, that he would not wash his right hand again "until teatime at least." Whereupon the great little man grinned, and the critic felt he had few other ambitions left for future fulfilment.

All the world knows that the present Mrs. Chaplin is the daughter of that powerful American playwright, Eugene O'Neill, who wrote "Mourning Becomes Electra" and a dozen other brooding masterpieces. The critics' lunch preceded by a day or two the showing of the new Chaplin film, "Limelight," and the wittiest thing said on that delicious occasion was in the speech of the president, Fred Majdalany, who remarked that he was in no way dismayed to hear that "Limelight" was a sad film rather than a merry one, since "mourning becomes Eugene O'Neill's son-in-law."

The film itself turns out to deserve all the praise it has already won, as well as all the dispraise. I don't in the least mind it being shamelessly sentimental—since the world, and even art itself, must be admitted to be far too full of the opposite quality these days. But it is certainly too long—a good half-hour too long for its substance. Look at its plot, all there is of it. An old music-hall comedian on the down-grade saves a young ballet-dancer from an attempt at suicide. She has had rheumatic fever, and has lost faith in her future and even in the use of her limbs. He restores her faith and simultaneously his own self-respect. He makes a "come-back" and fails; makes another "come-back" and succeeds. The girl, after trembling for a moment on the brink of disaster, appears triumphantly in a new ballet. Its young composer adores her. In the same programme—it is at the old Empire in London, forty years ago—the ageing clown enjoys a benefit. But after his triumph he has an accident, unknown to the audience, and he dies while watching his ballerina from the wings.

Mr. Chaplin is the author of all this, as well as the director and the composer of the music. Doubtless he was the film's editor as well, though the editing

a-sobbing, like the birds of the air at the death of Cock Robin.

But the odd thing is that at the end of this film we all of us are doing exactly that. Every artifice has been used, and every organ-stop pulled out. The dialogue is often sententiousness itself. We are told

infinity of wheedling, cajolery and sheer charm into the line uttered to his awful old Cockney landlady, who is dunning him for the rent: "You wonderful little plum-pudding, you—but we must behave ourselves!" But only a great actor—in the absolute sense of the term—could give us the terrifying face that Chaplin gives us twice in this film—once when he wakes up from a dream about his early success in the music-hall and we see a terrible mask of disillusionment, vanished bliss and inexorable reality, and once again at the end, when he realises that life has ended. It is characteristic of this actor-writer-director's considerable perversity that those two striking shots are almost the only ones in the whole film which are not as long as we want them to be. All the rest are rather longer.

But Chaplin's "Limelight" is already too much in the public consciousness to need any minuter or more particular description. The same, of course, can be said for the film of "Kon-Tiki," which comes an oddly-long time after the world-famous book. "Oddly long" because the film was actually made during the raft's amazing voyage from Peru to the Polynesian Islands, and is not in any kind of sense a studio reconstruction. Its strongest merit lies in its very crudity. The five Norwegians and the single Swede made this film as they went along. The programme tells us that "using a home movie type of camera, they shot such scenes incidental to their adventure as its extremely hazardous nature and the cramped area of their tiny craft would permit." We are told further that some of the film was lost through storm and shipwreck, but enough of the pictured record of life aboard the *Kon-Tiki* was preserved to form the basis of the screen offering—to which not a single frame of studio or staged footage has been added.

The film's chief commentator, Thor Heyerdahl, has the nicest line in understatement, which contrasts pleasantly with the continuous overstatement in the Chaplin film that happens within the same week. He remarks, for example, that life on the raft was "never monotonous," that the accompanying sharks at one moment seemed

about "the glamour of limelight from which age must pass as youth enters." Much of what the clown says to the young girl is unimpeachable if trite: "Life can be wonderful if you're not afraid of it—all it needs is courage, imagination." The old clown, in fact, goes on and on like a prose Longfellow.

And the girl has to murmur of him: "His soul—his sweetness and his sadness—nothing will ever separate me from him."

Yet the miracle is achieved. "Limelight" is an emotional masterpiece for two good reasons. One is that the new Chaplin heroine, the young Claire Bloom, has an immense freshness and sincerity. She begins the film in the attitude of her own Juliet in the tomb, and she dances her way through the rest of it with a lyric rapture that reminds us of Browning's "half-angel and half-bird and all a wonder and a wild desire." She clearly adores her old clown, whereas every other

Chaplin heroine we have ever seen would merely have simpered at him.

The other good reason is that Chaplin, besides being the matchless comedian of the old-style garb that has developed into a shabby-genteel new style—his trousers frayed but as well-pressed as a mattress can make them—also happens to be that extremely rare thing, a great actor. Only a superb comedian could put such an



"ACTUALLY MADE DURING THE RAFT'S AMAZING VOYAGE FROM PERU TO THE POLYNESIAN ISLANDS, AND NOT IN ANY KIND OF SENSE A STUDIO RECONSTRUCTION. ITS STRONGEST MERIT LIES IN ITS VERY CRUDITY": "KON-TIKI" (R.K.O.)—FIVE MEMBERS OF THE CREW ON BOARD THE RAFT DURING ITS JOURNEY ACROSS THE PACIFIC OCEAN. THE FILM'S CHIEF COMMENTATOR IS THOR HEYERDAHL, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK ABOUT THE EXPEDITION WHICH HE LED.



"... THE MIRACLE IS ACHIEVED. 'LIMELIGHT' IS AN EMOTIONAL MASTERPIECE": CHAPLIN'S LATEST FILM, WHICH HAD ITS LONDON PREMIERE ON OCTOBER 16—A SCENE SHOWING CALVERO (CHARLES CHAPLIN; LEFT) CELEBRATING A MINOR SUCCESS BY PLAYING HOST, AND THE VIOLIN, TO HIS ITINERANT MUSICIAN FRIENDS. IN OUR ISSUE OF SEPTEMBER 27 WE PUBLISHED TWO PAGES OF SCENES FROM "LIMELIGHT."

has not gone nearly far enough. The story—it need hardly be said yet again—is antiquated and heavy. The "laugh, clown, laugh" motif is about as old as the drama itself, certainly as old as opera. The theme of age and weakness making way pathetically for youth and strength is at least as venerable as the first novel about stage-life. We are all too manifestly expected at the end of "Limelight" to be a-sighing and



"IT TURNS OUT TO DESERVE ALL THE PRAISE IT HAS ALREADY WON, AS WELL AS ALL THE DISPRaise": "LIMELIGHT" (UNITED ARTISTS)—A SCENE FROM THE FILM SHOWING CALVERO, A BRITISH MUSIC-HALL COMEDIAN (CHARLES CHAPLIN), ENCOUNTERING HIS LANDLADY.

"a little excited," and that on one occasion some whales "paid us a visit," exactly as though the leviathan were a neighbour dropping in for a cup of tea and a gossip. The "Kon-Tiki" film, in short, is a drenching experience, and it makes one faintly seasick even in recollection.

Only the crass will neglect to undergo both the experiences I have this week attempted to describe.

FROM HOME AND ABROAD: A CAMERA SURVEY OF SOME RECENT EVENTS.



SET IN MOTION BY PRESIDENT AURIOL ON OCTOBER 25: THE ANDRÉ BLONDEL HYDRO-ELECTRIC WORKS, PART OF THE GREAT DONZÈRE-MONDRAGON PROJECT.



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On October 25 President Auriol officially opened the great new dam of Donzère-Mondragon, on the Rhône, in the presence of some forty representatives of foreign Powers. He described the biggest power station in the West of Europe as an achievement which gave France the right to assert her place in the world. The canal lock has a fall of 85'3 ft., the highest in the world. When the installation is completed production at Donzère-Mondragon will rise to 2,000,000,000 kilowatt hours a year.



ON THE EVE OF DEPARTURE: MR. GEORGE MIDDLETON, THE BRITISH CHARGÉ D'AFFAIRES IN PERSIA, SHAKING HANDS WITH AN INDIAN EMBASSY GUARD.

After the Persian Government formally notified Britain on October 22 of its decision to sever diplomatic relations, Mr. Middleton, British Chargé d'Affaires, started to pack and to wind up Embassy affairs. In our photograph he is saying farewell to an Indian Embassy guard; his wife can also be seen.



BEING HANDLED TO THE AUSTRALIAN HIGH COMMISSIONER, SIR THOMAS WHITE (LEFT), BY LORD BLACKFORD: THE COPY OF MAGNA CARTA BOUGHT BY AUSTRALIA.

The thirteenth-century copy of Magna Carta, which has been bought by the Australian Commonwealth National Library from King's School, Bruton, Somerset, was handed to the Australian High Commissioner, Sir Thomas White, by Lord Blackford, who was representing the Governors of the school, at Australia House, London, on October 24. The High Commissioner gave Lord Blackford a cheque for £11,000—the balance of the purchase price of £12,500. The document is a copy of Edward I's confirmation of Magna Carta, and is dated October 12, 1297.



PLACING A WREATH ON THE NEWLY-UNVEILED MEMORIAL TO THE 53RD (WELSH) INFANTRY DIVISION AT HERTOGENBOSCH: SIR NEVILLE BUTLER, THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO THE NETHERLANDS.

On October 25 a war memorial was unveiled at Hertogenbosch, in the Netherlands, by Major-General C. F. C. Coleman. It was erected by the members of the 53rd (Welsh) Infantry Division, T.A., which in October, 1944 liberated the town from German occupation. The monument, which takes the form of an ancient Celtic cross, was consecrated by the Bishop of St. Asaph, Dr. Bartlett.



AT A TOC H RALLY: QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER, HANDING OVER TAPERS THAT SHE HAD LIT FROM THE PARENT LAMP OF MAINTENANCE.

On October 25 the Queen Mother attended the thirtieth anniversary festival of Toc H Women's Association, of which she is patron, at the Royal Albert Hall. The Queen Mother addressed the six thousand women present.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

ONE must allow that even unattractive characters have souls to be saved. Indeed, on second thoughts, one may suspect that charm is only an appearance, and that no one has it from the inside. "Self-knowledge cannot be true unless it also induces self-disgust"—so, finally, declares the central figure and narrator of "Hear and Forgive," by Emyr Humphreys (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.); and the whole novel illustrates his point. Clearly, the theme itself is not only permissible—it is profound and gripping; and the treatment lives up to it. New books with such a claim on one's respect are far between. But liking is another matter. Studies in self-disgust are hardly likely to be likeable; and this, I think, has its own sourness over and above. And yet, such is its mass and honesty that one ought not to jib. The "hero," David Flint, is a young novelist who earns his living as a teacher in a Bilateral school. (These seem to be experimental hybrids of the technical and public school.) In origin, he is a provincial of the lower-middle-class, and in his greenest youth he made a love-match in his home town. Phyllis, a hated iron-monger's daughter, has not the impulse or capacity to change, while David has become an intellectual and a rising talent. So he has simply dropped her from his life. She lives "at home," with her detested father and the little boy; he works in London, and has moved in with a wealthy mistress. Helen's attractive qualities are two: a fostering interest in his talent, and £8000 a year. She can provide a comfortable home and a delightful workroom—and a distinguished eccentricity in his arrangements. This, he believes, will do him good among the cognoscenti. Therefore it suits him to be fond of her, and he believes he is; whereas his basic feeling, evidently, is a cold dislike. Rather more consciously, he is afraid of her. She has the stronger will, she wants him to give up his job, she means to run him totally.

At school these eccentricities of background are concealed. They would go badly with his Scripture lessons, and worse still with his pose as a defender of the faith against the staff-room Communists and sceptics. Yet it is not all pose. At heart he is a Christian, and, indeed, a puritan. He has a gnawing desire to live accordingly, only not yet. And though he "took up" Scripture largely for a better job, nevertheless he views his teaching as a "seed," and even hopes it may be striking root in his unconscious. Meanwhile, the most tenacious of his weak affections—regard for the headmaster, Allenside—is really love of virtue. Allenside figures as his model self: the good, just man, the pattern of integrity and courage, that he would like to be if it were easier.

The plot is close-knit, packed with incident and meaning, but as it were too natural for condensation. The whole book, with its admirable style, has an un-leavened masculinity. The women are extravagantly charmless. . . . But it should be read.

"Spark of Life," by Erich Maria Remarque (Hutchinson; 12s. 6d.), perhaps *ought* also to be read. No one, at least, would tackle it for pleasure. The subject is a German concentration camp in the last months of war. Always, the crematorium has full employment; black smoke rolls down over the huts, extermination transports come and go, victims are howling in the "bunker." . . . But just a few; for in the war years wholesale torture has been discontinued. "One only gassed, clubbed and shot, or simply worked people insensible and then left them to starve." And Mellern is especially humane. Even the Small, or "Mercy," camp, for prisoners too weak to work, gets some food of a kind, and the S.S. keep out of it—they are afraid of dysentery. Most of the inmates, certainly, are dead in no time; but it is not impossible to live—the Veterans, in Barrack 22, have lived for months. Now comes the final agony of hope. The near-by town is bombed; it seems the Allies are in Germany. If they can last a few weeks more, they may see the end.

There is, of course, no plot, and the few story-patches are a failure. Really the novel is a "documentary": massive, unsparring, thoroughly got up, and wholly honourable in design. It is a point of conscience with the writer to omit no ghastliness, and he begins straight off. The first page was too much for me; I shut the book, and had to drive myself to a fresh effort. But one grows hardened in a way, or rather the imagination begins cutting out. It may be right to face these things, even in detail; but I am not sure that a work of fiction is the proper source. Strangely, first-hand accounts are more endurable, and far more harrowing as well.

And now, for a delightful change, we have "The Little Tales of Smethers," by Lord Dunsany (Jarrolds; 10s. 6d.). True, they are all concerned with crime: whether the voice is that of the "small man" who travels for Numnumo, or of the old retired detective, or whoever else. And some perhaps ought to be grisly. I just don't know: I can't make out whether "The Two Bottles of Relish"—for a good example—invites a shudder or a laugh. But if one ought to squirm, the writer's personality is fatal. He must be very irritating to the Marthas of his craft. They, possibly, hit on a bright idea, only to be pulled up by the objections. For Lord Dunsany there are no objections. He ignores them all; and what is more remarkable, he gets away with it. Partly because his vein is so profuse, so full of unexpected quirks, but in the main by magic. Simply, one can't hold out against him.

"The King is Dead," by Ellery Queen (Gollancz; 10s. 6d.), has a most far-fetched set-up: a megalomaniac munitions king running a secret court and government on an uncharted island, heavily fortified and armed. Letters have been arriving to announce his murder for a given day, and both the Queens are rushed off, literally blindfold, to detect their source. Only they can't think why, because the source sticks out a mile. And then, in quite impossible conditions, the event takes place. Now the Queens really have a problem; and they are stumped, till Ellery flies back to Wrightsville—his old New England haunt, where "King" and all the Bendigos were born. For *there*, he thinks, must be the origin of the whole puzzle. And there he finds it, in a simple and dramatic story. The theme may be superfluously twopence-coloured, but the skill is rare.—K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

ANTHOLOGY; BIOGRAPHY; AND ZOOLOGY.

DO you, when shown into an unfamiliar room to wait for a friend, turn to the window or to an armchair; and prepare to soothe your vigil with cigarettes or with stern reflections on the virtue of punctuality? Or do you turn at once to the bookshelves and browse contentedly along them—so contentedly, perhaps, that the arrival of your apologetic host comes almost as an unwelcome interruption? If you belong to the second class, as I do—being a non-smoker for one thing—you will understand that the best of anthologies are not those which most fully represent a period, nor those which present for our somewhat livery approbation, as much cream as can possibly be strained off the milk of a nation's poetry or prose. They are those which offer the treasures accumulated in a lifetime's reading by some rich mind—turning out, perhaps, not only the jewel-case,

but the attic and the glory-hole under the stairs, so that we are not summoned to admire a collection of museum exhibits, but to touch and handle pieces of greater or smaller market value, but all with a history of influence on their owner's heart and mind. Such, for instance, was Mr. Maurice Baring's "Have You Anything to Declare?", and such is Mr. John Hadfield's "A Book of Beauty" (Hulton Press; 17s. 6d.), beautifully illustrated with photographs and colour reproductions playing counterpoint to his songs, verse and prose. Here we have the familiar, from Marvell and Donne, from Lamb, Ruskin and Izaak Walton; the new discovery, which for me meant some of the early seventeenth-century pieces and an exquisite Hokusai print; and—best of all—the unexpected meeting with one or two long-cherished favourites which find no place in the stiffer and more austere anthologies. I wish Mr. Hadfield's book had been three times as long—and am agreeably surprised that it is not three times the price!

I do not at all want to enter the dusty and disagreeable controversy which obscures what for me is the real Charlie Chaplin—the Charlie Chaplin of "The Kid" and "The Gold Rush," the solemn little figure in a gloriously inappropriate and unreliable costume, flickering its way manfully through the robust comedies which stood so high among the treats of my early boyhood. I shrank, therefore, from the short chapter on "Chaplin and Politics" included in Mr. Theodore Huff's "Charlie Chaplin" (Cassell; 25s.), and almost equally from the first chapter, entitled "The Importance of Chaplin and His Art," for I do not like being lectured about the esoteric significance of those whose mission in life I had naively assumed to be to make me laugh. In fact, Mr. Huff deals shortly and sensibly with these topics. His book is rather too much like a documentary, and Mr. Chaplin's famous films are described in a manner which seemed to me to set up a new standard of unconscious humour, quite unlike that of Mr. Chaplin himself. But there are 146 photographs in this book, most of them delightfully nostalgic.

It is generally agreed that man has made a sorry mess of his relations with the animal kingdom. His appearance in their vicinity seems to be the signal for their death, disappearance or degeneracy. When, on the other hand, he sets himself out to encourage them he cannot achieve his aim with any degree of moderation, witness the Australian rabbit. Mr. G. S. Cansdale has studied the complex and depressing results of the association between man and the brutes, and classified them with scientific (and readable) skill in "Animals and Man" (Hutchinson; 15s.). His book is full of pleasant curiosities. I am delighted to know that Queen Anne improved the conditions of a menagerie established in the Tower, and that her predecessor, Henry III., showed such spirited rapacity in charging the people of London for the upkeep of his polar bear. One point in the blurb puzzled me. Animals, it is there rightly stated, have since earliest times been the companions of man, and a parenthesis suggests that this is "their most obvious use, perhaps, to the city dweller to-day." Is this, or is it not, a grave reflection on the other possibilities of companionship open to city dwellers?

Much harmless and genial mockery has been directed against those whose business it is to study anticyclones and troughs of low pressure, the capricious gods which direct the fortunes of the British climate. Professor Gordon Manley has turned this form of uncertain divination into one of the applied arts, in "Climate and the British Scene" (Collins; 25s.). Much of the text will be found a trifle abstruse by the uninstructed reader, and there are a number of charts and diagrams, enlightening to the initiated, but tending to darken counsel for the simpler brethren. The book, however, contains some of the most enchanting pictures of the British countryside that I have ever seen, most of them in first-class colour reproduction. Nor must I let it appear that I have culled no gems of learning from the Professor's accomplished exposition: he tells me that it is to the Crusaders that we owe that most agreeable of the *brassicæ*, the cauliflower.

Of all the improbable characters who diversified the Victorian Age, I suppose that Adah Menken must have been one of the most baffling. I can at least think of no other object, animate or inanimate, which could afford common ground of appreciation for Swinburne and Dumas *père*. Mr. Bernard Falk's title, "The

Naked Lady" (Hutchinson; 21s.), is derived from Miss Menken's performance as Mazeppa at Smith's Green Street Theatre, Albany, U.S.A., in 1861. (Mazeppa, it will be recalled, was bound naked to the back of an unbroken horse.) Some of the Americans to whom this spectacle was offered were disappointed, for they supposed that the lady in this distressing predicament would literally be naked; others, ignoring Miss Menken's flesh-coloured tights, raised their voices in outraged protest. This controversy was to dog Miss Menken's varied and exciting career. Her acquaintances included Mark Twain, Charles Reade, Charles Dickens, Karl Marx and Rossetti. She was idolised by Paris audiences, and the victim of scandal-mongers. Mr. Falk is perhaps a little too hard on those who found themselves unable to accept Miss Menken's behaviour with unqualified approval; a man is not necessarily a hypocrite because he objects to the raffish—and Miss Menken almost descends at times to the riff-raffish. This astonishing woman was a poet, and a selection of her poems is given in an appendix. E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

THERE have been two historic matches between the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. The first was played by radio in 1945, and the Americans lost by the crushing margin of 4½ to 15½. For the next they journeyed to Moscow in 1946, when they improved on this, losing only by 7½ to 12½. I met some of them on the way back. They were full of fire and determination and eager for a return match in New York, which they swore they could and would win. The negotiations, however, fizzled out in a welter of acrimony; the Russians twice requested postponements after a hall had been booked and extensive arrangements made for their reception.

At a recent meeting of the International Chess Federation, happily, discussions were reopened, and it has been provisionally arranged that a Russian team should travel to New York next June. Let us hope no snags are encountered this time, and that some matches or other engagements can be arranged for the Russians as they pass through to England on their way out or back.

That the Americans have some fine players nobody can doubt, though chess is far more of an affair for the individual than in the U.S.S.R., where the authorities have an almost reverential attitude towards the game. Several leading U.S. experts have virtually abandoned tournament chess because they can make more money in other directions. If they now emerge from their retirement for the great event, how much will their chess have suffered from inactivity which is an almost ridiculous contrast to the hectic overwork of the Russian masters?

In the recent team tournament of twenty-five nations which followed the Olympic Games at Helsinki, the U.S.S.R. team finished first, the U.S.A. fifth, below the Argentine, Yugoslavia and Czechoslovakia as well, and only a point above Hungary. But New York's Robert Byrne beat Moscow's world championship challenger, David Bronstein, in quite an impressive game. Each is in the early twenties. The idea of capturing, and hanging on to, the Queen's Gambit pawn, has been essayed and rejected, and essayed and rejected again, innumerable times. Just now it is in fashion, though Black's pawns become rather petrified on the white squares of his queen's side, and his queen's bishop obstructed by them. Note that the answer to 36. Q×QBP would have been 36. . . R×P, with a completely won end-game.

Queen's Gambit Accepted.

BRONSTEIN (U.S.S.R.)	BYRNE (U.S.A.)	BRONSTEIN (U.S.S.R.)	BYRNE (U.S.A.)
White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1. P-Q4	P-Q4	23. B-R3	Q-Q1
2. P-QB4	P×P	24. Kt-K4	B-R3
3. Kt-KB3	Kt-KB3	25. B×B	K×B
4. Kt-QB3	P-QR3	26. Kt-B5	Kt×Kt
5. P-K4	P-QKt4	27. P×Kt	Q-B2
6. P-K5	Kt-Q4	28. Q-Q2ch	K-Kt2
7. P-QR4	Kt×Kt	29. R-Q1	B-B1
8. P×Kt	B-QKt2	30. B-Kt2	B-K3
9. P-K6	P-KB3	31. Q-K3	B-B2
10. P-Kt3	Q-Q4	32. R-QR1	R-Q1
11. B-KKt2	Q×KPch	33. R-R6	B-Q4
12. B-K3	P-B3	34. B×B	R×B
13. Castles	Q-B1	35. Q-K6	R-K4!
14. R-K1	K-B2	36. Q-R3	R×P
15. P×P	RP×P	37. R-R8	B-B4
16. R×R	B×R	38. Q-B1	Q-Kt2
17. Q-K2	Kt-R3	39. R-Q8	R-Q4
18. B-B4	P-Kt3	40. R-K8	Q-Q2
19. Kt-Q2	P-R4	41. R-QR8	R-Q6
20. P-R4	B-QKt2	42. Q-K1	R-Q4
21. K-R2	K-Kt2		
22. R-QR1	K-R2		

White resigns.



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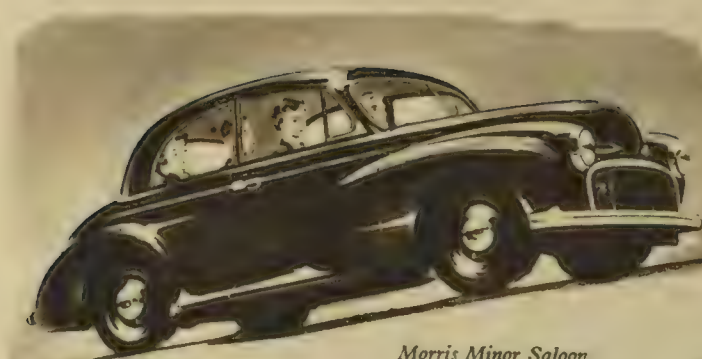
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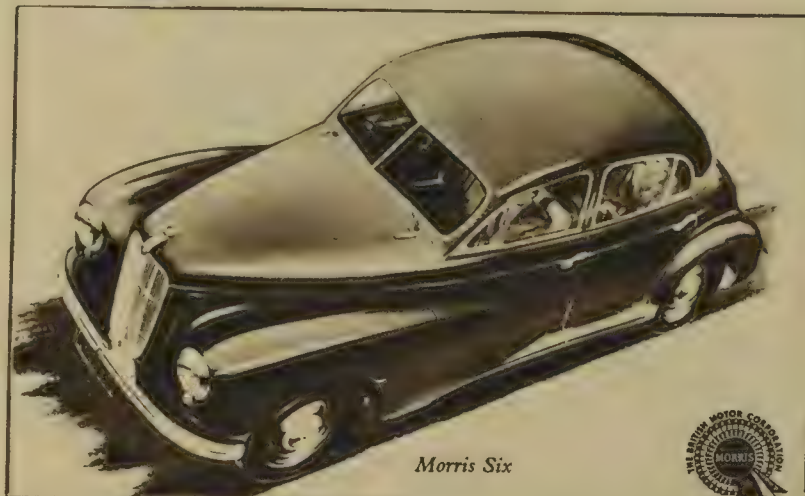
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Spain's rich heritage of fine architecture is exemplified by the magnificence of Seville Cathedral. Equally noteworthy are the sherries of Spain. **DRY SACK**—an outstanding example—is matured, bottled and shipped by Williams & Humbert to the leading markets of the world.



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The World Famous
Sherry
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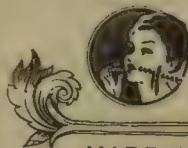


HAPPY BIRTHDAY

MOLLY skips in high delight,
Twins are off to town tonight.
There to buy their favourite Sweets,
'MAYFAIR' . . . best for Birthday treats.

Always ask for **Mayfair**
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Unruffled... Hair groomed with Silvifix Hair Cream adds remarkably to a man's sense of cool self-possession. For Silvifix really *controls* your hair... without gumming or greasiness... and lasts 3 to 4 times as long as other dressings. Obviously it's something rather better than usual. 4/6 a jar.



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White Label
SCOTCH WHISKY

*Scotch Whisky is the finest
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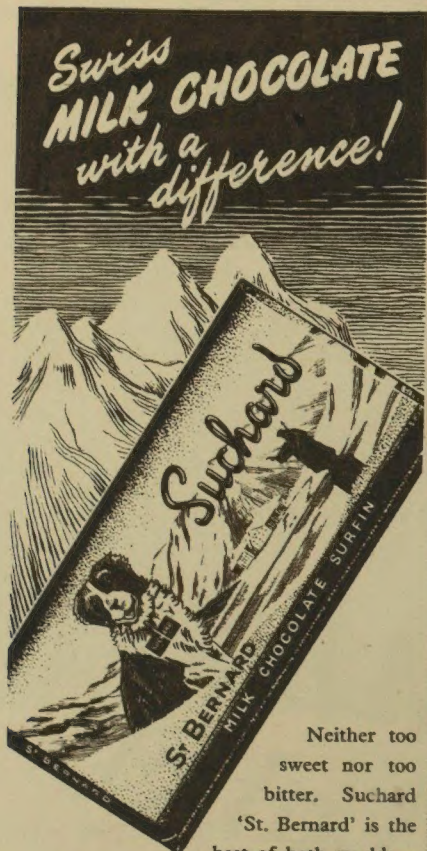


November

As the evenings of November draw in, traders are busy preparing for Christmas activities and many are finding that the services of the Midland Bank lighten their tasks. You have only to call at any branch of the Midland Bank for similar assistance to be made available to you.

MIDLAND BANK

OVER 2,100 BRANCHES TO SERVE YOU




Neither too sweet nor too bitter. Suchard 'St. Bernard' is the best of both worlds—creamy, velvet smooth, just a suspicion less sweet than usual and utterly satisfying.

Made according to the original Swiss process by

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Steeple
Hosiery, Underwear
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Our famous
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THE BEST
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Ever since 1883 this full-flavoured mellow port has been the choice of connoisseurs the world over.

CLUBLAND WHITE
Finest Old PORT

Available from leading Wine Merchants.

Sole Shippers:

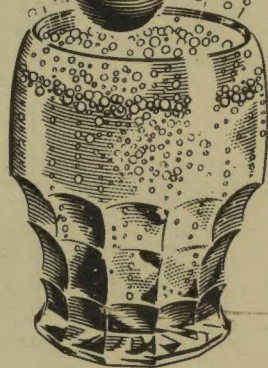
H. & C. Newman, Vila Nova de Gaia,
Oporto, Portugal.

To keep fit
and fresh
take ENO'S

Pleasant, refreshing ENO'S "Fruit Salt" is the gentle corrective most of us need to keep the system regular. ENO'S is particularly suitable for children—and for anyone with a delicate stomach.

ENO'S will safely relieve over-acidity, a most frequent cause of indigestion, heartburn and flatulence. "Fruit Salt" is soothing and settling to the stomach upset by unsuitable food or drink.

A dash of ENO'S "Fruit Salt" at any time of day makes a sparkling, invigorating health-drink. To feel better—and look better—keep fit, fresh and regular with your ENO'S.



Eno's 'Fruit Salt'

THE GENTLE ANTACID LAXATIVE

2/6d. Regular Size—Family Size (double the quantity) 4/6d.

The words "ENO", "ENO'S" and "FRUIT SALT" are registered Trade Marks.

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is an unusually fine liqueur brandy, and at 50/- represents remarkable value. The attractive gilt decorated box and two beautiful liqueur glasses are quite free. Try some now and reserve a few cases for your special friends. Place your order early. Obtainable from your local wine merchants or leading London stores.



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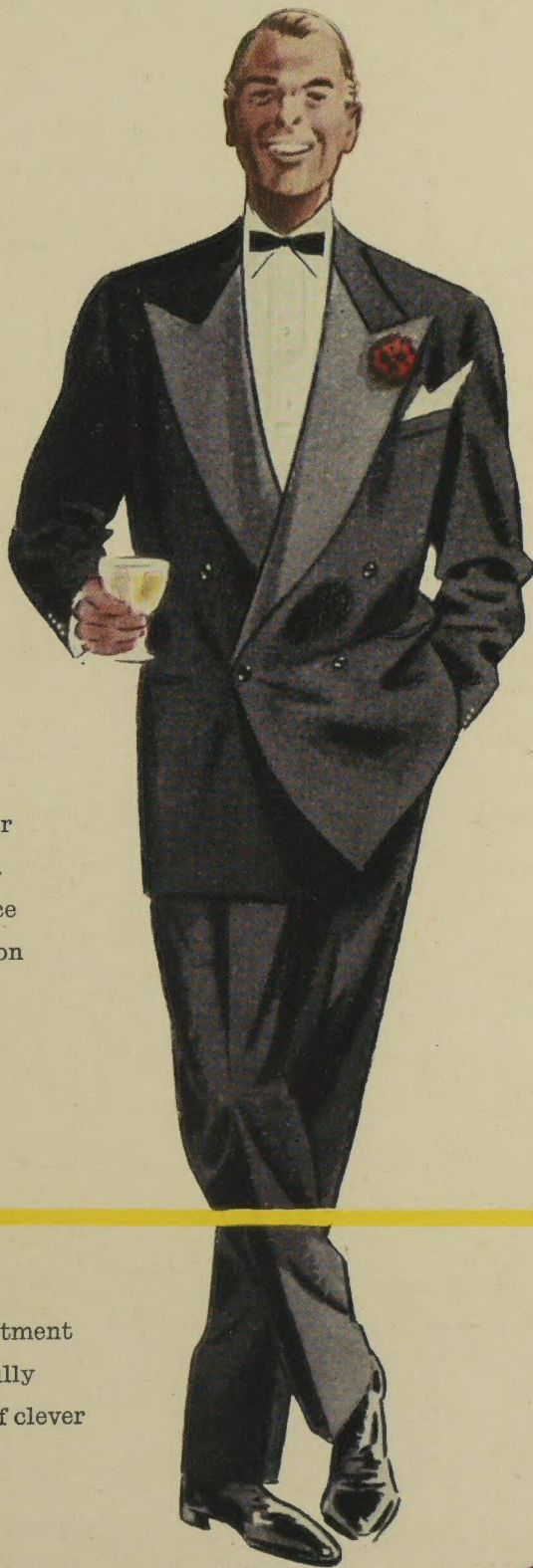
Prunier B & S Cognac also packed in a box with two glasses is excellent value at 44/- complete.

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DAKS

REGD

dinner suit



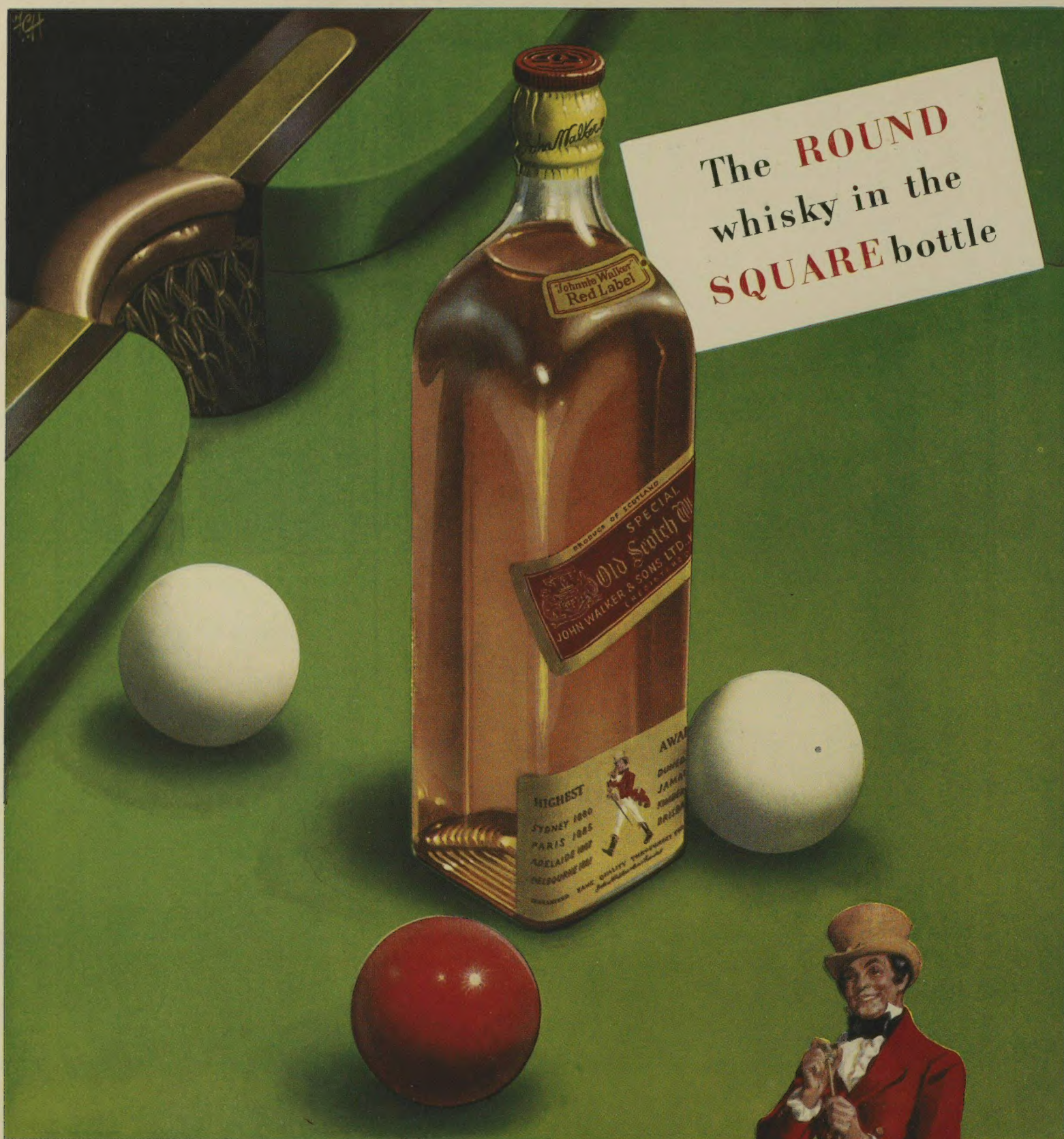
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Simpson
PICCADILLY

Daks Suits—third floor

Simpson (Piccadilly) Ltd. London W.1 Regent 2002



This is our cue...

The word 'round', applied to whisky, may need explaining. It is applied to the very best blended whiskies, and means that the fine single whiskies used have been so skilfully merged that the blend is completely smooth, without a trace of discord. The blender must know precisely what effect each single whisky will have on the blend and precisely how much to use. The mellow, smooth perfection that results makes Scotch whisky the noblest of drinks. And there is no nobler Scotch whisky than Johnnie Walker.

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